

JUNE 9, 1947

New Republic



JUN - 5 1947

Henry Wallace:

California

Neighbors:

The Real Peron

Soldiers:

Raider Carlson

15 CENTS

PLANNING

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(Political and Economic Planning)

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- 263—*Clubs, Societies and Democracy*, 3/21/47
- 262—*The Moscow Conference—European Economic Background*, 3/7/47
- 261—*Active Democracy—A Local Election*, 1/24/47
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CONTENTS FOR JUNE 9, 1947

- 3 Washington Wire
- 5 News in Focus
- 11 Henry Wallace
- 14 Evans Carlson
- 16 Peron's Argentina
- 22 Chorus Girl
- 25 Books in Review
- 30 Labor
- 32 United Nations News
- 33 Music
- 35 Radio
- 37 Movies
- 38 Correspondence
- 39 Bandwagon

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Washington Wire

Silent Tom Sits It Out

TRUMAN can't be elected in 1948 without labor votes. Therefore we assume he'll veto the omnibus labor bill. We also assume that Truman doesn't like the bill anyway. If he writes a simple, succinct, tough veto message, there's some chance (40 to 60) that his veto will be sustained. We assume Truman will do this, because he is virtually writing his own 1948 labor plank.

Trade unions can operate under the omnibus bill. Instead of the savage and punitive measure passed by the House, the Senate Republicans shrewdly modified and softened it. By doing this they presented the maximum embarrassment to Truman; it would have been easier to veto a harsh bill. This was Bob Taft's doing and represents a legitimate political maneuver. It must be said, candidly, that the present bill is partly labor's fault. Jurisdictional strikes are inexcusable and labor leaders are open to attack for their jealous internecine rivalries. Also, many Americans still feel indignant over arbitrary actions by John L. Lewis in the war. This is, as much as anything, an anti-Lewis bill.

Having said all this, the fact remains that the bill, as we see it, declares an open season on unions. For good or ill, under this complicated measure almost anybody can take a potshot at a union, haul it into court, and get away with it. Many provisions seem mild only on paper; under hostile operation and particularly with an anti-labor administration in Washington, trade unions would find themselves exposed and endangered.

WE suggest as a light summer project that all our young readers undertake a study of how American presidential candidates are picked. This is a nice place to start on next year's campaign. Every time from now on that somebody makes a major speech on a burning issue, just take a pencil and

make a note in a parallel column of what Governor Dewey says on the same subject. We feel it won't take much time. Also it might prove instructive. Silent Tom is the outstanding candidate, by common agreement, for the GOP nomination.

There is a quaint foreign prejudice in favor of political leaders who have expressed their views on crucial issues. No such nonsense for us. Take that man Stassen now; why, everybody knows where he stands on lots of controversies. The silly fellow has even admitted he's running for the job. As any right-thinking voter knows, this is preposterous because the presidential job seeks the man.

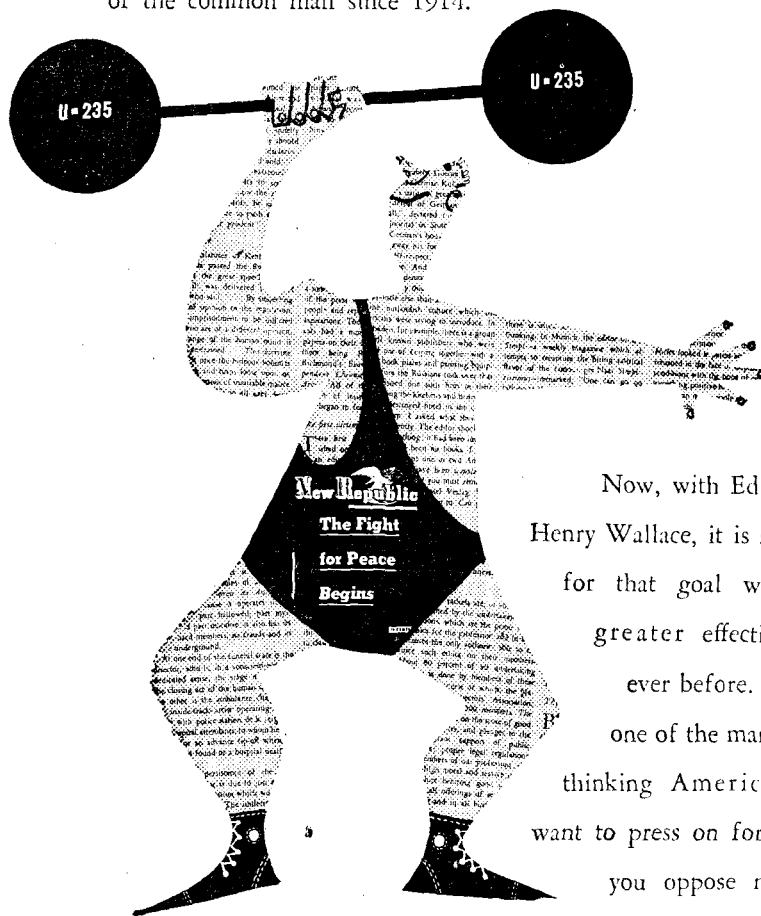
And now look at our Tom. A deep, generous silence hangs over Albany on matters like federal aid to housing, education and health, on armed-service unification, on taxes-versus-debt reduction, on dozens of other issues, national and international. Fine, say the political leaders; nobody knows how Dewey stands so his nomination is inevitable. (Parenthetically, we are always surprised to note how unpopular Dewey is, personally, with most of the GOP politicians who support him.) A while back Dewey was thinking of making a speech on foreign affairs, but nothing so far has come of it. And so, because he's right geographically, because he's kept his mouth shut on disturbing issues where to speak was to make enemies, Silent Tom is way out in front and (we guess) will be the Republican candidate.

A WHOLE lot of developments are boiling up in foreign affairs. The Communists have pulled off a new coup in Hungary, and for all practical purposes the State Department feels it is now added to other Soviet satellite governments—Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania and Albania. The question, however, is what happens to Italy and France. Both nations have ousted Communist members from their governments



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(see page 7). They represent the immediate test of how far American economic aid will be available, and what success it will have in keeping the new governments out of Moscow's lap.

Herbert Hoover did not clarify the situation at all here when he suggested a separate peace with Germany and Japan. The fact is that Secretary Marshall is still working for a world peace settlement, not a separate peace, and believes it may still be obtained, though the sands are running out. The real test will probably come at the fateful autumn meeting of the Big Four in London, which now gives every indication of being one of the great deciding moments of mankind. The official position here is that the Soviet delegates never showed any real disposition to bargain at Moscow; they preferred to wait and see how things would turn out in Europe in the meantime. Now, unless Moscow changes its attitude, the assumption here is that London will be a failure, and there will be two worlds. The Administration doesn't want this result and—what's important—doesn't think Russia wants it either.

NOTES.—The forthcoming Un-American Activities Committee's investigation into Hollywood promises to be the gaudiest show Washington has had in years; it should provide hot-weather relaxation for the whole nation. . . . Prepare for the big freight-car shortage; with bumper crops to move from West to East, it now looks as if it were going to be the worst shortage in peacetime history. . . . GOP congressional leaders want to avert a Truman wool-bill veto; they are willing to drop tariff boosts that would wreck the Geneva Conference for a "compromise" bill that would merely boost wool prices for everybody by subsidy. . . . Latest Kansas City ballot theft embarrasses Democrats here; it reminds the public of Truman's early Pendergast connection. . . . Note that Truman's Gallup Poll popularity decline started before any vetoes; last March's 60-percent peak "approval" figure, which followed the Marshall appointment and the victory over Lewis, was too good to last, anyway.

Washington

T. R. B.



News in Focus

To a Boil

Labor

IN maritime-union halls along both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards the slogan, "No contract, no work," was beginning to appear. The slogan was already well publicized by John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers, whose threatened strike in the bituminous coal mines on June 30 (when government possession ends) was receiving major public attention.

But the even more serious crisis brewing in the shipping world was due to come to a boil by June 15, the impending expiration date of all maritime-union contracts (see page 11).

At bottom the trouble was that shipowners, feeling their oats with a GOP Congress busily writing anti-labor legislation, had shown no desire for labor peace such as that preserved in other major industries by the 15-cent wage-raise formula in steel. Shipowners, instead of workers, were beginning to talk about a strike.

This year the militant maritime unions, willing in other times to spend months "on the bricks" to win better pay, had realized that labor's position was altered. Consequently, both the big West Coast CIO unions, Harry Bridges' Longshoremen and the Marine Cooks and Stewards, made no new wage demands and asked only for extension of present contracts for one year with a semi-annual wage review. Shipowners quickly turned thumbs down; instead they offered renewal only until September 30. Labor leaders saw this as a move by shipowners to eliminate the uniform expiration date for both CIO and AFL contracts, a major source of union tactical strength.

That is how things stand now. If contracts are not renewed, maritime work-

ers will consider themselves locked out. Owners will call it a strike.

If it comes, labor leaders predict this one will be the biggest walkout in maritime history. A measure of labor unity, at least on the surface, has been restored between Bridges' union and Joe Curran's potent National Maritime Union, although feeling between the two leaders remains as bitter as it has been ever since their Committee for Maritime Unity broke up last March. At a meeting in San Francisco on May 17 Curran was forced by pressures within his own union to go along with Bridges and the CIO on a 10-point unity program. The program provided for a strike vote, creation of coastwise committees to conduct a strike, retention of the uniform expiration date, and other features. And equally important was the agreement to call upon the World Federation of Trade Unions to support American seamen. Such action would halt American shipping around the world.

So Deep the Roots

Civil Liberties

THE headline from the Carolinas, like a hot breeze fading at nightfall, flamed, fluttered, then subsided. Few Americans, in this year of troubled peace, found time to track every such story to its final breath. Yet the unnoticed, silent end was often the most significant feature of dramas like the acquittal of South Carolina's lynchers or the escape of a young Negro from North Carolina's masked mob.

Outrage over these events was already exhausting itself last week against the soft cushion of time. The US Department of Justice, following Attorney General Tom Clark's forthright promise to restudy the South Carolina case, wrestled with an aggravating flimsiness

in federal statutes pertinent to lynch law (the NR, June 2). Tessie Earle, mother of Greenville's Negro victim, said she would bring civil suits for \$250,000 damages against the 28 freed defendants and another suit for \$250,000 against the city of Greenville for neglecting to safeguard her jailed son. The rueful comment of one Justice Department official: "When people don't have the money to pay such suits, no money is collected and the cases are dropped."

Federal authority appeared equally paralytic to punish the armed band in North Carolina from which Godwin Bush, a 24-year-old sawmill worker, had broken away to hide for his life in a near-by wood. The FBI, after rounding up seven white suspects, felt compelled to retire because no federal peace officer was involved in the jail delivery.

Local police chief Frank Outland at first refused to reveal the suspects' names, with the excuse that "after all, I have to live down here." At a press conference, Governor R. Gregg Cherry declared that "North Carolina will not tolerate lynchings and mob violence." But when asked if he planned to assign a special prosecutor to supersede Solicitor Ernest R. Tyler (a friend of several of the accused men), Cherry answered, "No." The seven were charged with kidnapping and breaking into a jail, and were released on \$2,500 bail each to face a grand jury in August. Director Walter Anderson of the State Bureau of Investigation admitted, however, that obtaining indictments "isn't going to be easy."

Bush, who, when the lynch posse came, had been in jail on charges of attempting to rape a white woman, was removed to a state penitentiary for safekeeping. The flurry over the near trag-

edy obscured the fact that the woman, who said a Negro had chased her down a dark street, later declared she could not identify Bush and admitted she had not been touched.

* * * * *

THE fleeting headlines caused by these spectacular outbreaks marked only the obvious symptoms of the deeper distress. There were no headlines at all last week about the findings of the National Council for a Permanent FEPC (that in 26 Southern cities, including the nation's Capital, Negro war veterans are earning a weekly average of \$12 to \$20 less than white veterans in the same communities).

And it took an earnest reader indeed to unearth a less dramatic but no less foreboding performance in the civilized chambers of the District of Columbia's US Court of Appeals—where a decision last week closed the silky knot of the law about the aspirations of America's Negro millions. By a two-to-one majority the federal court upheld the "right" of white property owners to make restrictive covenants forbidding resale to Negroes. In so doing, the stamp of US justice was affixed to the plight of race minorities—squeezed ever more tightly by the pressures of population and the desperate postwar housing shortage into segregated plague spots.

Specifically, the case at issue concerned a street in northwest Washington where Negroes had moved into 18 of the 31 modest houses. Four white residents in one block had contested the sale of four of the houses to Negroes under discriminatory clauses previously attached to the property.

The majority opinion by Justices Bennett Champ Clark and Wilbur K. Miller (both Truman appointees) upheld the covenants recognized for some 25 years in the District of Columbia, and ordered the Negroes evicted. But the eloquent dissent of Justice Henry White Edgerton (a Roosevelt appointee) paved the way for possible review by the US Supreme Court, which has never ruled directly on private discriminatory agreements.

"All citizens of the US," said Edgerton, "shall have the same right . . . as is enjoyed by white citizens . . . to in-

Thousand Regrets

THE Greenville labor lawyer, John Bolt Culbertson (the NR, March 31), whose inflammatory courtroom remarks in defense of the South Carolina lynch defendants earned widespread disapprobation, last week explained in this way his sudden turnabout from a long record of active liberalism: Jess Mitchell, local official of the CIO Textile Workers, had begged him to enter the case because two of Mitchell's daughters were married to accused men.

"Since they had always looked to me for help in trouble . . . I finally decided to take the case. . . . My one aim was to give them the very best of my ability toward obtaining an acquittal. . . . In retrospect I now realize that probably the same result would have been obtained without the type of appeal I made to the jury, but in the heat of the trial I admit that I made statements which were provocative and perhaps unnecessary and did not express my true sentiments. . . . The damage has been done and a thousand regrets will never undo it."

herit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property." Of the civil rights conferred by the Fourth and Fifth Amendments as well as the Civil Rights Act, "none is clearer and few more vital than the right to buy a home and live in it." Quoting Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, Edgerton reviewed the manner in which the crowding and squalor of segregation have resulted in "destroyed home life, mounting juvenile delinquency and other indications of social pathology which are bound to have their contagious influence upon adjoining white areas."

The words of this lone dissenter served, too, as a sharp postscript to the role of the law wherever, as in the Carolinas, it compounds the prejudices of man. The UN Charter, Edgerton reminded, was unequivocal in calling for the observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms without distinction as to race:

"The question in racial covenant cases is not whether law should punish . . . or prevent racial discrimination . . . or interfere with it in any way. [It] is

whether law should affirmatively support and enforce racial discrimination. . . . Suits like these and the ghetto system they enforce are among our most conspicuous failures to live together in peace."

Disaster Report

Texas

THE name "Texas City," where a chain of explosions last April razed the port and left 433 dead, 128 missing, more than a thousand injured (the NR, April 28), had once been on everyone's lips for a solid week. But nearly two months after the second greatest blast disaster in US history, the whole story was still to be told. The first mild attempt at an explanation appeared last week in the form of a preliminary Coast Guard report. But the truncated extracts hidden away in newspaper backfolds could not compete for reader notice with the fresh disasters in the air (180 killed in eight crashes, less than half the Gulfport toll).

To the people of Texas City, however, where the stench of death and destruction lingered, the unanswered questions had lost no poignancy. They did not find the answers in the Coast Guard statement, which could only conclude from the testimony of eyewitnesses that there was general negligence involved, that the cause of the initial blast in the French ship *Grandcamp's* ammonium-nitrate-packed hold was still a mystery (Coast Guard tests with rifle bullets, blasting caps, dynamite booster, fire and oil, hot metals failed to explode samples of the chemical). The report did observe what had been known almost from the beginning: that safety precautions for loading dangerous cargo had been ignored, and that stevedores and crewmen had violated no-smoking rules. The Coast Guard appeared to bear some of the responsibility for not enforcing the safety precautions in cargo handling which it had formulated for the port; however, there was no self-criticism in the document.

Local observers who followed the Coast Guard hearings were surprised by the reticence of the report. FBI agents at first had warned eyewitnesses not to discuss publicly what they had seen.

Since then, it seemed as if a thin but effective veil of silence was being lowered on the shattered city. But beneath the curtain certain important facts in the *Grandcamp* mystery, if duplicated in other US ports, held the promise of similar catastrophes. American seamen might take special note of this chronology of fact and failure:

❏ THE FACT: The cargo of the *Grandcamp*, and of the *High Flyer*, which exploded later, was ammonium nitrate, classified as a dangerous explosive by the Coast Guard since 1941. THE FAILURE: The ammonium nitrate was packed in paper bags, many of them torn in being dumped on top of loose dunnage and not labeled as carrying explosive contents; nor were the stowers ever warned of the nature of the material. Loading was done at dockside instead of in the stream.

❏ THE FACT: After the fire in the *Grandcamp's* hold was discovered at 8:15 a.m., crew members entered the compartment with a fire hose. THE FAILURE: The *Grandcamp* captain and the loading officer (apparently loath to damage the cargo) ordered that the water not be turned on and told the crew to get out of the hold.

❏ THE FACT: Orders were then given to smother the fire with live steam. THE FAILURE: Testimony developed a controversy over whether or not the steam lines had ever actually been turned on.

❏ THE FACT: At 8:30 the *Grandcamp* captain, obviously aware of the dangerous situation, abruptly left the ship. THE FAILURE: Nobody gave orders to have the ship moved away from the dock area.

❏ THE FACT: At 8:45 the *Grandcamp's* senior officer present informed his crew that it was being ordered to abandon ship because of the imminent danger of an explosion. THE FAILURE: Nobody warned the spectators on the wharf or the volunteer Texas City fire department that an explosion might occur.

❏ THE FACT: A large, professional and well equipped fire department might have been able to stem the *Grandcamp* fire before it got out of control. THE FAILURE: Although a big port, where much inflammable material is loaded,

by Claire Neikind

IN uneasy surrender to what he believed was the will of the US State Department, Premier Alcide de Gasperi, leader of Italy's Christian Democratic Party, last week plunged into the task of heading a government from which the Communists and left-wing parliamentary blocs were excluded.

Whether or not he or anyone else could succeed in such a plan, the first of its kind since the country was liberated, the attempt itself was a dramatic climax to a three-week-old political crisis. Were it purely an internal situation, de Gasperi surely would not have risked excluding the representatives of 85 percent of the country's organized workers and at least 40 percent of the Constituent Assembly.

A good half of de Gasperi's own party members considered the move a "precarious adventure" which might well wreck Italy along with their own political future. To the Monarchists and the neo-Fascist Uomo Qualunque it was a delightfully unexpected victory, won cheaply. These men have calculated from the first that Italy would not get more financial aid from America until the Left had been stifled. "The logical culmination of the Truman Doctrine in Italy," according to Guglielmo Giannini, loquacious leader of the Qualunquisti, "is me."

Such sentiments (from ranks which placed second in Rome's local elections last fall and included many of Italy's disgruntled Black Shirts) may have spurred de Gasperi in the race to reap the credit for obtaining American help—without which Italy seems headed toward inflationary collapse. Moreover, rumors had been current that the Vatican was considering a shift in its support from the Christian

Democrats to the Uomo Qualunque. Although there was no documentary proof of direct intervention by the US State Department, an interesting timetable of events pointed its own moral.

De Gasperi went to America last January hoping to obtain a big loan. He returned almost empty-handed, dissolved his cabinet and unsuccessfully tried to weaken the Communists in his subsequent government. Three months later France formed a cabinet without the Communists and promptly received \$250 million from the International Bank. Simultaneously, Italian Ambassador Alberto Tarchiani flew from Washington to Rome for a secret conference, and then scurried back to the US. Directly afterward de Gasperi dissolved his cabinet again and announced his intention to form an "enlarged" government or withdraw.

Immediately thereafter Dr. Henry Tasca, the sharp-witted Treasury adviser to the American Embassy in Rome, was recalled to Washington for "consultations." (The US was reportedly ready to strengthen de Gasperi's hand by releasing \$60 million in war-frozen Italian assets, concluding a new commercial treaty and releasing a \$100 million Export-Import Bank loan.) As the crisis deepened, the Italian press reported a private huddle between de Gasperi and American Ambassador James C. Dunn.

The following morning de Gasperi announced his intention of forming a government without the Communists.

ALL factors in this timetable, of course, might have had innocent explanations. Actually it scarcely mattered. To the interminable inter-party discussions of the past fortnight, the mere existence of the Truman Doctrine was decisive enough—indeed it has been the single most important weapon of psychological warfare. From the thick mud of intrigue, personality clashes, local issues and party oratory that has covered the crisis one explanation has now emerged on which most political leaders agree:

De Gasperi, acting as he believed he must to obtain the American loans that would save Italy from ruin, started the crisis and brought it to the present point. He might fail to exclude the Communists permanently, even fail to remain in power himself. But his friends say this would not be a failure if he managed to convince America that he was worthy of her support—in the very contemporary sense that no man has fought Communists more bravely than he.

Claire Neikind is a correspondent for the Overseas News Agency.

Texas City had only an inexperienced, volunteer, albeit courageous fire department (the families of 27 fire fighters killed in the disaster may not even get workmen's compensation, because the men were not acting "within the scope of their employment").

❏ **THE FACT:** The *High Flyer*, also loaded with ammonium nitrate, remained in a near-by dock for 16 hours after the *Grandcamp* explosion until she also blew up, causing heavy casualties and damage. **THE FAILURE:** The Coast Guard did not request tugs to move the *High Flyer* out of danger until 11 hours after the *Grandcamp* explosion—too late to save it.

Last week the people of Texas City pondered these things as they went about the tedious job of rebuilding homes and stores. And attorneys for the National Maritime Union (CIO), whose members work the ports in the blighted Gulf area, made this accusing statement:

Notwithstanding the shocking jolt received by the people throughout the nation by reason of this disaster, to this day no single step has been taken to prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy. As a

matter of fact, ammonium nitrate is being loaded on the same basis as before the disaster, with the same dangers lurking wherever this operation takes place. The International Longshoremen's Association has notified the Maritime Association in Galveston and other Texas ports that it would not handle ammonium nitrate again until safety measures had been adopted to prevent such disastrous occurrences. After such a statement was released to the press, some of the newspapers criticized the longshoremen because they said such an attitude would hurt the business at the various ports.

Not So Sure

Latin America

THE War and Navy Departments were feeling bucked up (although State Department men directly concerned were glum) about President Truman's request for Congress to approve a plan under which the US would set out to standardize military equipment, organization and training in the 20 other American republics and Canada. In his first test of the kind, Secretary of State George C. Marshall rejected the advice of his State Department Latin American advisers and fell in alongside his old Army associates.

On the surface, the plan sounded logical enough. It would fit in with plans for a permanent Pan American military defense treaty, scheduled to be drawn up at a conference in Brazil possibly late this year or early in 1948. But between the lines were dangers which even the President, who warmly endorsed it, recognized. Truman was sure, he said in his message to Congress, that the US would not approve or participate in "the indiscriminate or unrestricted distribution of armaments, which would only contribute to a useless and burdensome armaments race."

Others were not so sure. So prominent a statesman as Dr. Eduardo Rodriguez Larreta, former foreign minister of Uruguay and author of the famous "multilateral-intervention" plan for the hemisphere, had said recently: "The Truman plan will lead to an armaments race in South America which only Argentina can afford." Another dissenter was Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, who was about to be sacked along with the "firm" US policy

toward Argentina's militaristic dictatorship (see page 16).

Braden had fought the arms-standardization plan last year and put up another hard battle against it this time. He and other US officials with service in Latin America suspected that if one Latin republic got some US tanks or planes, its neighbor would invariably want as many or more. A Latin American army with new military toys had been tempted before to use them in civil wars or in making trouble for neighboring nations. Most of the republics were hard up financially and backward economically. To Braden, it made little sense to sell or give them arms when they needed industrial equipment so badly.

Ecuador was a case in point. Several months back her government had sought a modest US Export-Import Bank loan to modernize the water and sewage systems in the nation's cities. Braden had backed the request vigorously, but Bank officials had turned it down. Ecuador was a poor risk. Shortly thereafter, Braden had been asked to approve a larger credit under which Ecuador could buy surplus US arms and military supplies.

Other objections to the plan:

❏ It would enable nations outside the hemisphere to revive their charges that the US was out to create a regional military "bloc"; a "sphere of influence" in conflict with the UN Charter.

❏ The degree of US supervision necessary to put the standardization plan into effect inevitably would bring back the cry of "Yankee intervention" from some Latin American groups.

❏ US officials concerned have estimated the cost of the plan at approximately \$100 million.

❏ Its effect might be to solidify military dictatorships in power in several of the republics and arrest the trend toward democratic government in others.

It was significant that Truman's announcement was hailed with enthusiasm by those countries where the army had long played a major role in politics. One of the first to endorse the plan was Argentina's Peron government.

A news story that broke on the same

(Continued on page 10)

Check List

❏ Sponsors of the Norwalk, Connecticut, Petition for a stronger UN and outlawing the manufacture of A-bombs (the NR, May 12) were planning to send a whole trainload of petitioners to Washington along with an estimated 16,000 signatures; the Petition idea had caught on in Pelham, New York, and Southbury, Connecticut.

❏ The CIO and the National Lawyers' Guild asked the Supreme Court to reconsider its five-to-four decision granting police sweeping search and seizure powers (the NR, May 19) on the grounds that it violated the Fourth Amendment. So far this year, however, the Court had turned down all 179 reconsideration requests.

❏ A House Un-American Activities Subcommittee, back in Washington after finding Hollywood a technicolor Red (the NR, May 26), reported that "some of the most flagrant Communist propaganda films were produced as a result of White House pressure."

The Ghost at Margate

At the seaside resort of Margate last week the 46th annual conference of the British Labor Party was engaged in a solemn review of the fundamental issues on which Britain's great postwar experiment in Labor Government will ultimately stand or fall. Covering the conference was Stephen Laird, onetime chief of Time magazine's Berlin bureau, who also went through England's dark hour of the

blitz and returned to London this year for CBS. Before going to Margate, Laird sent the New Republic his impressions of the great new crisis which confronts Britain today. They are reproduced below as the sincerely written conclusions of a veteran and fair-minded correspondent which, if borne out, must necessarily affect every American's hopes for a peaceful and prosperous world:

ALL the delegates at Margate will be haunted by a ghost, though probably not one of them will speak of it publicly. But all the debates, moves, compromises and arguments will be colored by the fear of this ghost. The ghost is bankruptcy.

Without spelling out all the facts of this poverty-stricken and debtor nation, the ineluctable economic figures for months now have shown that England, in order to avoid open bankruptcy, will either have to make further drastic cuts in her already shockingly low living standard, or will have to get new and substantial dollar assistance from the United States.

A few days ago, the net of the import story on the front pages of British papers was this: despite Britain's tight rationing and her compulsory austerity living, last month this country had to spend more money for imports than it has in any month for 27 years. Essential foodstuffs for the meager ration amounted to just under half the almost \$700 million Britain paid for her imports last month. Most of the other half went for essential raw materials needed in production for export.

That same day, Sir Stafford Cripps announced that the American loan "will be finished before long and then, without increased exports, we shall only be able to import two-thirds of what we're importing now." It was almost superfluous for Sir Stafford to add that such a cut in British imports would be "disastrous."

All right then, how's Britain doing in her export battle? Yesterday, officials at the Board of Trade beamed at me and said they'd just computed the figures, and they showed that the past month was Britain's best export month so far this year. But what did the United Kingdom export? Exactly 22 percent less than it exported last July, and only 98 percent of what it averaged per month in 1938.

Yet the government, and every British subject, knows full well that if Britain is even to maintain her pres-

ent severe living standard, she must export almost double what she exported in 1938—unless she severely cuts her foreign commitments, unless the US gives (not lends) something like \$2 billion yearly to Britain. The government's plan called for a minimum of 140-percent exports by the end of this year, with 1938 as the 100 index. They'll be lucky to reach 120, and lucky to average as well for the year as they did in 1938.

THE facts are these: Fairly soon now, when America saturates her home market, Britain will have to face an all-out, powerful competition of American exports in foreign markets. If Britain is to double her exports, it is automobiles, radios, electrical appliances, etc., and not luxury leather and woolen goods that Britain must sell in quantity abroad. And it is precisely in these goods that Britain cannot hope to compete with American modern mass production.

The crisis approaches swiftly. The government talks about India, Palestine, socializing steel, conscription, its political relations with Russia and Eastern Europe—and rosily avoids facing its basic economic dilemma at home. It cannot dodge these two choices now and be the responsible guardian of the nation; it must slice British living down to the poverty standard bequeathed by the war and 20 years or more of Tory neglect of England's industrial plant; or it must take dollars from the US.

It must choose one or the other of these, because the government, following foreign commitments beyond its power and ability to pay for, will not sufficiently cut its armed forces (Britain's army is now double the size, according to population, of the American Army); it will not stop playing the ineffective American game in Germany of reconstruction of that perverted country and people without remaking it or them (this alone costs England each year one-tenth of all the dollars

she spends); it will not truly socialize the country (only one in 20 British workers is employed in nationalized industries); nor will it give the profit-security-confidence which private industry needs in that section of the economy which is not to be nationalized (It will not say what is to be socialized. For instance, the government seems to have told the iron and steel industry to go ahead and renew its plant, because when it came time to socialize steel, maybe this fall, a fair price would surely be agreed on); it continues to give up its Empire Trade Preference system because the US objects, although the US does not guarantee to take down its own tariff barriers against British goods.

SO, all this neglect of other possibilities leaves the government the choice cabled by the Washington correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* this morning: "It's believed in Washington that Britain will either have to be provided with a dollar credit or adopt a siege economy. . . . The American Departments of State, Treasury and Commerce all conclude that a financial crisis in Britain this winter or early next year is inevitable. . . . The impression has been created here that the British government has not got a policy."

I honestly don't believe it has. As of today, 10 Downing Street assures me that the cabinet has definitely decided not to ask for another American loan. As of today, there are no plans to make even the one-eighth cuts in the living standard that would be necessary if foreign commitments are not cut and no more dollars are asked from America. The government quite rightly believes that such cuts are neither economically nor politically practical. And the Labor Government plans to accept none of the other alternatives mentioned which might bring man power to Britain's parched industry, reduce her oversize foreign commitments and make ends meet. . . .

(Continued from page 8)

day as the President's announcement gave pause for thought. In Nicaragua, General Anastasio Somoza, a long-term dictator who had retired from the presidency on May 1, led the army in a coup which ousted President Leonardo Arguello and restored strict military government. Somoza's army was equipped with US guns and material, furnished under lend-lease.

"Sorry Exhibition"

New York

RISING unemployment in New York City had worried no one more than Welfare Commissioner Edward E. Rhatigan. Since early 1946, applications for city relief jumped one-third, until Rhatigan and an overworked staff (777 below requirements) were responsible for 233,000 needy persons. Hard-put to find housing in an already overcrowded city, Rhatigan finally located 37 families in several of Manhattan's less pretentious hotels.

Then, one day, the burly evening *World-Telegram* howled "scandal," and last week was still geysering forth a stream of stories about relief families "ensconced" in luxurious suites—"a radio in every room"—while battalions of chambermaids danced attendance. Other papers took up the cry. One family of nine was found to be receiving \$640 monthly for rent, food and clothing. The taxpayers were astonished. In Albany, where Governor Dewey's men were putting the evil eye on O'Dwyer's Democratic administration, the machinery of retribution ground into action. The State Board of Social Welfare, with which Rhatigan had constantly discussed his expenditures, nevertheless appointed an investigating committee.

Before Rhatigan had time to open his mouth, orders came down from Mayor William O'Dwyer to get the hotel cases relocated, and fast. Out they went—all but one family stricken with illness. The *New York Times*, which had gasped at the "shocking waste of funds" (average relief expenditure per person is \$1.31 per day), was mollified: "Obviously if this backlog of accumulated cases could have been rehoused in less than a week . . . the Welfare Department could

have housed them sensibly and economically in the first place."

The "sensible and economic" housing turned out in several cases to be condemned tenements, crammed with filth, without ventilation, heat or light. In one dungeon, a mother spent three sleepless nights flailing a broom at rats to keep them away from her children. This was too much for Mayor O'Dwyer, who promptly ordered Rhatigan to get the families back into the hotels in the absence of proper accommodations. Out again went the tired mothers, their wide-eyed children and the dispirited fathers, to be shuttled once more around the city.

A new local radio program, "CBS Views the Press," gave Manhattan newspapers their lumps for "as sorry an exhibition as the press . . . is capable of putting on" in distorting the true picture of the city's relief clients. Said CBS commentator Don Hollenbeck: "The lynching was a success."

No Sale

Business

LIKE many another veteran with peacetime ambitions, ex-Marine L. C. Durham went into the tool-manufacturing business in Chicago after the war. Last week he faced bankruptcy because he could not get any steel. The mill price of steel was \$65 a ton, but Durham told a Senate Small Business Subcommittee that he had been offered steel for his Accurate Tool Company at \$165. Even at this price he put up stiff letters of credit to get the vital metal, but it never came through.

Durham's story was only one of a batch. Little businessmen were going out of business, facing ruin, laying off men for lack of steel. There was talk of a black, or "gray," market where steel brought as much as \$225 a ton. Mysterious "brokers" who said they could get some steel were legion; deliveries few.

Actually the black, or gray, market was not illegal. There was nothing in law to stop anyone who had some steel from selling it at whatever price he could get. National steel production is about 90 million tons a year. Economists estimate the country could use 105 million. But big steel producers do not want to expand capacity because they

Free Market

SEVERAL younger-generation colleges, perturbed by the left-wing complexion of the American Youth for Democracy, have banned the AYD and its fast-talking organizers from their campuses (the *NR*, June 2). In the midst of the panic, the granddaddy of all US educational institutions last week calmly announced that it would approve establishment of an AYD chapter. Harvard College's Provost Paul H. Buck explained that the AYD was being admitted "under this university's traditional policy of a free exchange of opinion within its student body as well as its faculty. . . . We are aware of statements which have been made about Communist influence in the AYD. Our policy, however, is based on a faith in the ability of the American form of government to prove its value in the free market of ideas."

Applauding politely, the *New York Herald Tribune* reminded its readers that "Harvard has taught this country a great deal over the centuries. This latest lesson is not the least."

cannot count on a continued 105-million-ton demand, and it would take one million tons from present profitable sales to make the expansion. So they have devised a "historical pattern" which allots steel on the basis of pre-1941 purchases. New industries like Durham's and those which have lately expanded are out of luck. The Small War Plants Corporation and other wartime controls are no longer available to help them. Enough victims wrote to the Senate Small Business Committee of their plight to force the hearing.

That they would get anything more than a chance to blow off steam seemed unlikely. Nobody in Congress was in a hurry to tell the men who make steel—Fairless, Grace, Weir, Girdler and the others—to work out a fair allocation system or submit to one devised and operated by the government. Senator Edward Martin (R, Pa.), darling of the Big Steel State's Republicans, was a conspicuous member of the committee. And it was not likely that Martin and his GOP colleagues could bring themselves to admit that free enterprise might be propagated via government control.

Henry Wallace

Report from California

WATCH the West! After traveling through California, Washington, Oregon and Colorado, I am certain that the next progressive movement in America is coming from this region. It is coming as a broad, indigenous movement among men and women concerned with the development of the West and aroused by the betrayal of that development by the Republican Party.

The development of the West depends on a progressive relationship between this region and the federal government in the utilization of the West's incomparable natural resources. This issue is basic in the Western progressive revival and gives this revival a wide base of support among farmers, veterans, workers and businessmen.

Peace through a strong United Nations will be a major issue in this revival. It will be backed by a united labor movement. It will be more solid, more highly disciplined and better organized than the New Deal. Whether this revival expresses itself through a liberalized Democratic Party or a third party depends on the willingness of leading Democrats to move with this new tide in America instead of bucking it.

In Northern California political trends are strong but contradictory. There is vigor and determination among progressives, but the supreme issues of peace, jobs and freedom have not yet risen above other divisive issues to unite the progressives in the service of an overriding common cause.

The bay area around San Francisco is an example of present-day conflicts in the industrial West.

Watch June 15 in San Francisco! That's the last day of the present contract between the shipowners and the longshoremen and sailors in one of the key ports of the world. Both sides are preparing for a showdown, and there may be a work stoppage, even developing into a general strike in San Francisco unless a settlement is achieved.

Far more is involved in this conflict than a local dispute over conditions of work. The shipowners of the West Coast have vast interests overseas, particularly in the South Pacific. For this reason they have a direct concern in the extension of American power abroad. For these groups, as the *Journal of Commerce* recently

pointed out, the Truman Doctrine is a direct financial concern. Under the Truman Doctrine, the *Journal of Commerce* asserted, "Overseas commitments are to be increased, spheres of political influences considered and lifelines extended. . . . It is clear," the *Journal* goes on, "that the merchant marine must therefore play a far more important role as an instrument of defense and foreign policy under the Truman Doctrine than in the pre-war years."

These men are looking forward to a divided world. And the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union also operates in a hard-fisted way. A few days before I arrived in San Francisco, the union's president, Harry Bridges, declared:

"As we approach June 15, and a possible lockout on the water front and on the ships, we might as well keep in mind the fact that four years of war mean nothing more to the shipowners than profits. They are still the same old predatory, greedy lot who shot down our brothers in '34. They haven't given up their plans. They are still out to bust our union. The thing for us to continue to do is to know our enemy, to know the nature of our enemy, and to keep on fighting. . . ."

EVEN after the bitterness I found in Detroit, this spirit startled me. I am sorry that I had no chance to speak with the shipowners of San Francisco. But I gathered from the longshoremen that, underneath, the position of their union is defensive, rather than aggressive. The longshoremen maintain that the sudden cancellation of the contracts by the shipowners on April 15—the 60-day clause makes June 15 the deadline—was in effect a declaration of war. They believe the shipowners take the attitude that the end of an era has come. The shipowners, these longshoremen say, are fed up with mediation and arbitration; they want no more provision for reviews of wages as prices change. They want to cut these clauses out of the new contracts, and the union will fight to keep them in. "There's a high degree of solidarity among the shipowners of the West Coast," one union member I met said to me. "You touch the spider's web in Los Angeles and it quivers in Seattle. Well—we've got the same solidarity. It's 1934 all over again. We're ready to go out and stay out for six months,

and we're ready to organize a general strike if we have to. Our fellows are solid as a rock.

"We feel the same way about politics," this rank-and-filer went on. "We've told our leaders that we're sick and tired of writing letters to Washington and getting nothing done. We're sick and tired of electing men on promises to back a liberal program and then watching those same men in Washington come out as strike-breakers and union-busters. We've watched them in both parties, opening the floodgates against labor, and we're through with them. If our leaders said tomorrow, 'All hands out until Congress makes up its mind,' we'd be out in 24 hours. If our boys said, 'Down tools until they beat this anti-labor bill,' we'd say, 'Right!'"

For the shipowners of the West Coast, shipping is often second in importance to economic interests overseas. Great shipping lines, such as the AP (American President) and the Matson Lines, have major interests in sugar and pineapple production in Hawaii and the Philippines and raw-material resources still farther south. The unions have found that to keep up with the West Coast shipowners in San Francisco it is necessary to follow them around the globe. So the ILWU has shifted a good deal of its activity overseas. It has established close friendship with longshoremen and warehousemen in Alaska, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the island ports of the Southwest Pacific. It has moved into Hawaii in earnest and has become a major political force there. It is becoming increasingly conscious of the Philippines. More than any other union, the ILWU connects economic and political issues. The union has lost influence with the CIO, but from now on it expects to regain strength if the government and Congress disregard the vital interests of American workingmen and allow prices to rise still higher while unemployment mounts.

ONE reason for the intensity of political feeling in Northern California is the people's sense of frustration with a one-party government and a one-party press. A second reason is the barriers to any effective action in the state legislature of California.

In this legislature, four state senators out of 40 represent the overwhelming majority of the voters of California. Among the remaining 36, there are spokesmen for half a dozen counties with only a few thousand inhabitants each, who carry as much weight as the senators who speak for the big cities such as Los Angeles and San Francisco. The "cow-county" senators give the body an extraordinary character.

One group in the California senate is the traditional Republicans who follow the party platform. Another group speaks frankly for the special interests. Many of them are paid regular retainers by oil companies, insurance companies and utilities, ostensibly for legal services.

These men give the legislature an odd twist, because their primary loyalties lie, not with the party they belong to, but with the special interests they serve. In all, there are 120 legislators and 260 registered lobbyists in Sacramento.

This year, the state prepared a highway program to be paid for partly by the taxes on oil and gasoline. Standard Oil, after declaring annual net profits of \$67 million, had already raised the price of gasoline two and three-quarters cents. When Governor Warren called a special session of the legislature in January to pass the highway program, the legislature killed the program, reportedly on orders of the oil companies. In a notable radio address, Governor Warren condemned the selfishness of the monopolistic oil interests.

Meanwhile the legislature has gone on to consider a total of 160 bills aimed at trade unions, civil liberties and the achievements of the New Deal. Some, as in the case of the hot-cargo bill, Governor Warren has permitted to become law. In the most dangerous measures of all, California's Martin Dies, state senator Jack Tenney, composer of "Mexicali Rose," has prepared 11 bills for thought control in the schools and universities. These bills, which prohibit the use of state funds for schools teaching controversial subjects, go so far along the road to fascism that they have aroused great resistance. Even conservatives in the college staffs and Parent-Teacher Associations have joined with teachers' unions and liberals, and under the leadership of Frank Weymouth, professor of physiology at Stanford, have organized a movement which appears sufficiently powerful to check Tenney's alarming maneuvers.

A SECOND reason why state politics is so frustrating to progressive forces in California is the unique system of cross filing. Under this system, a candidate for public office can file on every ticket in the party primaries. The result is to break down party discipline and coherence, because party leaders lose the right to direct their own organizations. Party platforms can be conveniently laid aside after elections. When a man is elected on two or more party tickets, he is responsible to none.

Thus Tenney claims to speak for all the people. And when Governor Warren won the Democratic primary last year, the Democratic state chairman, James Roosevelt, was forced to endorse him, although a real Democrat, Robert Kenny, ran against Warren. Warren was elected and today is the titular head of the Democratic Party in California. He is of course a Republican, but he manages very skillfully to blur the lines, and many Californians support him, believing he is a Democrat. The present setup is perfect for Governor Warren, who gains votes from both sides by calling for liberal legisla-

tion, and then stands by while his legislature passes reactionary measures. Warren is still a rising figure. Many Californians told me that he has all of the political ability, but none of the vision and humanitarianism, of Franklin Roosevelt.

Warren was discovered, and was made, politically, by Joe Knowland, political boss of the powerful Oakland Republican machine and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune*. It was in Oakland that Californians, disillusioned with political activity on the state level, first turned to local politics instead.

OAKLAND was the scene of a recent general strike by the AFL. A local strike had grown in proportions when employers tried to break it by the use of a veterans' trucking company. The AFL then called a general strike. It was broken by the leaders of the most powerful AFL union, the teamsters. The teamsters' chief, Charles Real, is a close friend and supporter of Joe Knowland's son, United States Senator William F. Knowland. He took the teamsters out of the Central Labor Council of the AFL in Oakland and ended the strike. Then a strange thing happened. The AFL carpenters' union, which had withdrawn from the Central Labor Council in the meantime, came back in. Its leaders had been incensed by the alliance among the employers, the political machine and some trade-union leaders in Oakland. They spoke up proposing united labor action to defeat the Knowland machine.

Labor had overplayed its hand in California politics in 1944 and 1946. Early in 1947 it was weary and disorganized. But under the inspiration of the carpenters, a united labor drive was launched to place progressives in the five vacant positions to be filled by election to the city council.

So five Oakland citizens filed for the election: a chemist, two shipyard workers, an attorney and a radio commentator. The *Oakland Tribune* and the *Post-Enquirer* smeared them all as Reds. A full-page layout portrayed them as bearded villains breaking into the houses of peacefully sleeping Oakland citizens. It called them "Commies" and quoted statements made by Communists in New York about the importance of municipal elections, to prove that the men were part of a Red infiltration of America. On election day, the *Tribune* headlines shouted: "90,000 may cast ballots in Red Test." The *Tribune* added, "Today is the testing ground for the new Communist program. Following the dictates of Eugene Dennis, Communists have openly entered a city election. . . . Aroused to the threat of Communist infiltration . . . Oakland voters are expected to mark a new high mark for balloting."

The citizens were aroused to vote, but not in the way the *Tribune* had hoped. On May 13, the very day on

which Senator Knowland voted for the Taft labor bill, the Knowland machine was decisively beaten. The labor unions, acting together for the first time, elected four of their five candidates.

It was a few days later that I spoke to a meeting of 10,000 workers in Oakland. One of the new city councilmen preceded me. "We were an above-ground underground," he said. "We started out on a shoestring and we ended with a new pair of shoes. They threw the book at us and we came back with the whole library."

This councilman went on to attack the Oakland press. "Our free press was free all right—free and easy with the truth!" he cried. He told how an election rally had gone unreported in the *Tribune*. "It's strange," he said, "how 10,000 people can meet in this hall without anyone hearing about it. The press didn't speak—and so you see the people spoke for the press!"

This attack was greeted with jeers and long applause. Once again I felt the enormous gulf that has opened between the conservative monopoly press of America and the American people. The people feel increasingly that the press does not report their desires and often works against their interests. They feel that they can no longer look to the press for the truth. Their suspicion of the press is deep, and grows deeper. This, to me, is a real cause for alarm in a democracy. Because of the extreme and blind partisanship of our publishers and their willingness to abuse their responsibilities by injecting partisanship into the news, our free press is rapidly losing the confidence of the people.

ON THE next day, under a hot sun, I stood on a platform at a street corner in Berkeley. The president of the Student Council at the University of California and the newly elected progressive mayor of traditionally conservative Berkeley stood beside me. As far as I could see, reaching across green lawns to the foot of the giant eucalyptus trees, were students of the University. Being "controversial," I was not allowed to speak on the campus; but it was much better this way. Once again I sensed the immense vitality that is taking hold in the universities. Led by the veterans, the students are rapidly becoming a political force for liberalism, and I know that splendid ideas will come from this generation of Americans.

Seeing so much hope among the students, and such a determination among the citizens of Oakland, such frustration at Sacramento and such a bitter and explosive situation on the waterfront, I feel that either great good or a great disaster can come out of California, depending on the willingness of the government and Congress to understand our new problems as Americans, and the new mood that is rising within Americans.

H. W.

The Faith of a Raider

by Michael Straight

In a log cabin by the Salmon River, Marine Raider Evans Carlson lay close to death, deeply concerned about peace and freedom

NOTHING is ever born without pain. Evans Carlson was one man who fought hard and suffered long for a new concept of democracy and who died still fighting for the right of that new concept to be born.

Carlson had looked forward to seeing Henry Wallace. He had been ill for months, and in the crowded hours of the West Coast tour we learned that he was gravely ill. With the young doctor who cared for Carlson, we set out from Portland to his home in Brightwood, Oregon. It was two days before he died.

It was a hot day, in a dry spring. We drove up the Willamette Valley through fields of red clover and rye, past dairy farms and fruit farms, with late blossoms still falling while men picked early strawberries. The roadsides were brilliant with yellow clusters of Scotch broom. In the gardens of white farmhouses roses and delphiniums flowered. It was cut-over country and in the blue hills the few giants left from the first stand of timber stood a hundred feet above the second growth of hemlock, cedar and Douglas fir. Through the haze in the far distance ahead, Mount Hood rose snow-covered and solitary, growing in splendor as we approached its foothills.

Brightwood was the end of a hard journey for Carlson. Two years earlier he had started on an exhausting campaign for the concept he had fought for in the war. His heart began to fail, but he went on campaigning; in the autumn two severe heart attacks forced him to

rest in a naval hospital. Soon he was on the move again until, for a short time, a third attack left him partially paralyzed.

At first the naval hospital called it hardening of the arteries. It proved to be coronary thrombosis. "When it first strikes you, you think you're dying," the young doctor said; "then you hope you're dying. The pain is almost unbearable. It strikes suddenly, it may linger for days and there's almost nothing we can do."

"No one knows how a man in his condition can live," the doctor went on. "So far he's lived by being active. Now he knows that he'll never be active again. He reads a great deal. Not long ago he read an official Marine Corps history of one of his old outfits. His name must have been stricken from the text. He was never mentioned. He didn't mind. He worried about the world and not about himself."

We drove on for a while and Wallace finally said, "You know, Carlson's life and his struggles are at the heart of this whole fight that we're in. It's not a matter of soldiers, but of citizens. The issue is whether democracy is going to be government by command and blind obedience or government through the understanding and consent and participation of all the people."

"A GI looking for a place to live . . ."

FOR Carlson, Brightwood was the end of the trail. The cost of living is high in California. When he was well enough, Carlson had set out in a

car with his young wife and their child, "like any GI looking for a place to live." They drove across America to his old home ground in Connecticut and, finding nothing, went westward again, still finding nothing in more than 8,000 miles. They were almost back at their starting place and ready to give up the search when they found a log cabin on the Salmon River, hidden under tall trees, by a dirt road.

We turned up the road to the cabin. There was a photograph of a Marine sergeant in its one large room, a Chinese scroll, a sign saying GUNG HO. In the shade of the back porch, Carlson lay on a camp bed. He looked pale and drawn, yet with his cropped gray hair, his deeply furrowed cheeks and constant smile, his face was still mild and gentle. "I'm so glad you've come," he said to Wallace. "You know I've been thinking a lot about how we're going to maintain peace and use our power for good. I've worried because I couldn't see any hope or any sign of a way out. I thought we'd all given up until you started speaking out from Europe. Then I felt hopeful again."

"They can't win . . ."

I'M really glad you've come," he went on, "and specially just now. This is the best time of day, with the late sun coming through the trees." At the end of the tiny garden the sun broke through the light greens of beech and maple leaves and the great dark trunks of the firs, standing on the bank of the river. "It was a forester's home and he took good care of it," Carlson was saying. "Look at that hemlock—and those cedars there—and the spruce. These are wild dogwood. I've never seen wild rhododendrons as beautiful as those before."

"You know," Carlson said to Wallace, "I feel the same way about you that I felt about FDR. I was devoted to him. There were only two things he did I couldn't understand. One was leaving you. The other was sending Pat Hurley to China. I knew that would be a disaster. Stilwell had done a great job in China. He knew that the only policy for us was a hands-off policy—certainly not a policy of supporting the Kuomintang."

Carlson lay back slowly. "I know

them all so well," he said. "I know that the Chinese Communists were loyal to Chiang under the United Front agreement. I know that the Russians sent supplies only to Chungking. I think Chiang might have been a great man—but he's a deluded man instead. He doesn't know how his own people feel. He's surrounded by contentious men.

"Once," Carlson said, smiling, "the Kuomintang feared me and tried to soften me up. I remember that when Chen Li-fu was Minister of Education he called me in and gave me a long song and dance about his efforts to create a democratic system of education in China. At the end of it all I asked him what his objectives were and he said, 'The final objective is to make the Chinese youth loyal to the Kuomintang.'

"The Kuomintang has the skill but not the character," Carlson went on. "They can't win because the people aren't with them. The Yen-an and Shansi forces of the Communists are going to unite with the forces in Manchuria and Chiang can't stop them. One day these forces will advance down into China on the same road the Manchus took. There will be years of fighting and famine and exhaustion if this war continues, and at the end the Communists will win.

"I don't know of any land in which America is really working to promote democracy today," Carlson said. He coughed and closed his eyes. His head bent forward for a moment, then he looked up smiling. "I've been like this for days," he said. "You know, I never knew I had a heart until last November. Then I had two attacks and I suppose there'll be others." His wife handed him a glass. She said gently, "Drink this or I'll have one, too."

"Badge of honor"

WALLACE went then to cut some firewood for the cabin. I stayed alone with Carlson. I asked him if he felt sorry that we had held out war aims to the soldiers, and he answered, "I'm sorry that we didn't hold out more."

"You know," he said, "being Left is our one hope now, and anyone on the Left is attacked. It's unpleasant, but it has to be accepted."

He shook his head. "I told the AVC last year that anyone who stands by the



Courtesy Little, Brown

EVANS CARLSON

interests of all of the people is labeled 'Red,' so that the term has become a badge of honor, certainly, to those who believe in the dignity and equality of human beings.

"If a high order of intelligence could be induced in all society," he added, "then a competitive system could be made to work for important social values. But I'm just about convinced that a competitive society is the greatest of all obstacles to progress, not in terms of economics but in terms of the human spirit." "You think we shall turn to socialism?" I asked, and he answered, "It must come."

A letter from Paris

THERE's a letter here I'd like you to read," he said. "It's from Edgar Snow in Paris. I've thought about it, and it sums up a good deal for me:

"I want you to tell Wallace that I think our one chance is education. We must teach our children to trust and value peoples of all races and creeds and colors, to have no feeling of prejudice and superiority, to place human cooperation above economic gain. It's our one hope!"

Then the pain returned. The doctor came, and I took Snow's letter and sat on the moss and ferns by the river watching the water rush on forever and

thinking of a useful life drawing to a close. In Snow's letter I read:

"Europe is healing very slowly—the lessons didn't sink in deep enough, the politically sick people didn't die off and clear the scene for something new. Old cancers are still fighting for their victims. The approach is one of negation and hate.

"The Left can't do very much because it does not have the power. The Right stumbles along clinging to old values. . . .

"It is difficult not to become a cynic and to be overcome by the irony and mockery of history. The things men died for are forgotten and lost in a babble of words and deception that hangs over Europe and the dry moral rot that generates everywhere.

"One senses why Hitler found a following and why de Gaulle may command one here. People do not want to think through their problems. People do not want the truth. They want a savior and they want their answers without disturbing their lives any more. Only America has the power and the possibility of acting disinterestedly and leading this continent to its salvation. But the Americans who rule us do not understand or do not want to understand, and they are only a reflection of our people as a whole—

"There is no big war coming. People are too tired. There are only little wars—and that is the fault and tragedy of our policy. It nourishes and sustains these little wars. . . ."

The news that Evans Carlson had died came two days after we had left the log cabin on the Salmon River. In Paris, Edgar Snow was moved to cable these final words:

"Carlson suffered deeply for humanity in his mind as well as his body to come to his truths by painful thought and unflinching self-analysis. He was above everything a man on whom knowledge imposed a duty to act. He spent his courage and great heart lavishly and finally fatally to lead others within spheres where he was guided by certainties attained down a long road of honest doubts and struggles. We have lost an important citizen and great friend whose life, like Roosevelt's, must renew our tattered faith in man."

“It Was Like This in Berlin”

by William R. Mizelle

Following Nazi blueprints, Peron's regime is regimenting Argentina, putting her on a war footing and threatening her neighbors

THE soundtrack's loudspeakers magnified the phonograph needle's scratch a thousandfold amid the deafening blare of recorded march music. The music's pompous strut stopped in mid-bar and a man in the black truck, obviously impressed by the noise he was making, read a paper into the amplifier.

"Shirtless ones and authentic Argentines!" the big fore-and-aft horns belled. "Attend the grand function today at nineteen and one-half hours, in repudiation of the lies of the Yankee Federation of Labor delegation!"

People walking and standing along Buenos Aires' Calle Corrientes waited to resume conversations interrupted by the din. Some looked toward the truck and some didn't. No one smiled.

"No one may fail to attend," the giant voice concluded. In the abrupt hush, the last words echoed along the street.

I was standing with a Jew who had fled Germany in 1938. "It was like this in Berlin during Hitler's rise," he told me, "but in Germany you didn't get this feeling of tension and fear in the air—at least not as much as you do here in Argentina now."

People in the United States are used to shrugging their shoulders at South American dictatorships, but the stream-

lined government of General Juan D. Peron is of another order. Using all the most modern techniques of mass suggestion and control, it seeks not only to dominate a people but also to sell them an ideology. This ideology is now sufficiently developed to rate a special tag: Peronism. (For its chief doctrines, see box on page 20.) And what especially distinguishes Peronism is its avowed purpose of expanding to other Latin American nations. The ultimate aims of fanatical Peronists are reflected in the title of a recent Buenos Aires book—*Peron, Arbiter of the World*.

The object of Peron's declared affection and the basis of his power is the little man—the *descamisado*, or "shirtless man," of Argentina. Typical of Peron's approach was the celebration in the Plaza de Mayo on October 17, 1946—the "Day of the Shirtless One."

Two hundred thousand government employees had orders to be at the Plaza. Open police *camiones*, filled with blue-coats nursing tear-gas and riot guns, commanded the Plaza approaches. Two private bus lines, hired outright, brought school children and adults from every source. Directed gangs of *gritones* (shouters) were whooping it up for "Per-on, Per-on!" in a cadenced chant.

Nightfall brought a chill drizzle. One disgusted spectator, with his frayed coat collar turned up, burst out, "By order of the Chief Executive, General Juan D. Peron, turn off the rain!" A few people, shifting their feet and shivering, laughed.

Finally Peron spoke, decreeing that a monument be erected to the *descamisado* of Argentina. He proclaimed the following day another holiday in the shirtless man's honor and condemned the opposition and the press. As the meeting broke up, mobs stoned the *La Prensa* newspaper building.

"OUR LEADER HAS SHOWN US THE WAY. . . . FOLLOW HIM! JOIN THE PERONIST PARTY!" say the posters that are pasted up six or seven deep on Buenos Aires' walls and fences. This writer found "Peron" scrawled 57 times inside a suburban railway coach. All the Peron government's projects are reflected in the handwriting on the walls by ragged peddlers, beggars and delivery boys, who scribble such slogans as "Viva Religious Education! Christ in the Schools!" Some of the scrawlers are apparently paid to ply their whitewash, chalk and tar; but the most enthusiastic are the youths of the Alianza Libertadora Nacionalista, whose wartime heroes were the Nazis. They still write "Heil Hitler!" "Viva Hitler and Mussolini, martyrs for future generations!" and "Death to the Jews!" on building walls, along with swastikas and the Alianza initials, "ALN."

"People must be led"

THE men who have set themselves up as the champions of the Shirtless One are a veteran group of friends of fascism. Fifty-one-year-old Juan Peron's political career started in 1941 when as a colonel he helped organize a "crusade for spiritual renovation" in the Argentine army. He had just returned from two years' military service in Italy where, his critics charge, he was permanently influenced by totalitarian ideals.

As a member of the GOU, or United Officers' Group, which set off the June 4, 1943, revolution, Peron became regarded as a power in the "Government of Colonels" that took over the country. Three years later, after months of systematic mob strife and gunplay, Peron was elected president by a narrow margin. The opposing Democratic Union questioned the voting too late—and then not loudly enough.

Shortly after his inauguration, Peron appointed as "Technical Secretary to the Presidency," with cabinet minister's

William R. Mizelle, a former United Press reporter in New York, has written from Buenos Aires for the New Republic on the Peron regime's growing economic threats to neighboring nations and on its military atomic-power projects.



USING ECONOMIC BLACKMAIL, PERON NOW THREATENS CHILE, URUGUAY, BOLIVIA

rank, Jose Miguel Figuerola, a Catalan Spaniard who had been an economic and social adviser to the Spanish dictator Primo de Rivera. Figuerola's point of view emerges clearly in his book, *Colaboracion Social en Latinoamerica*, which states as its main thesis that "people must be led . . . into a society where there is no struggle between capital and labor but in which the state controls, rules and guides all activity of both."

A key part of the Peronist plan is the absorption by the state of the nation's banks and industrial nerve centers. This was designed largely by the German Heinrich Doerge, an ex-pupil of Hitler's financial adviser, Hjalmar Schacht. Two other German-born men, Ricardo Staudt and Ludwig Freude (now both naturalized Argentines), have linked the Argentine administration's present policy-makers to the Third Reich while advising the Peronists on politics and economics. The US State Department identified Staudt during the war as "a major element of enemy economic penetration in Argentina and South America," while Freude led the Allied list of wanted Nazis in South America at the war's end. His son, Rudolf Freude, is now Peron's special secretary.

For strong-arm support Peronism has depended on the army and on Brigadier General Filomeno Velazco, chief of the still illegalized Buenos Aires federal police department which was created in December, 1943.

With men like these around him, Peron has been able to go ahead without effective opposition on the following main steps of his program: (1) to centralize political power; (2) to control the Argentine economy; (3) to control Argentine labor; and (4) to dominate the country's universities and win the support of the Church.

Supreme Court unpacked

PERON holds two knockout threats to legislative and political opposition in (1) an unratified decree (issued by ex-President Ramirez on the last day of 1943) dissolving all parties and declaring their activities outside the law, and (2) the Political Parties Statute which authorized government intervention in all political-party organizations through a special tribunal. Shortly after

Peron v. the Press

PRESIDENT PERON'S weapon against criticism of his regime in the Argentine press is a law against *desacato*—literally "irreverence" or "disrespect" shown toward the government or its officials. The well known Socialist leader and editor, Americo Ghioldi, is now facing two government *desacato* actions based on the vigorous ribbing he has dared to give Peronism in his paper, *La Vanguardia*. Jose M. Cullen and Cesar Coronel, respectively of the conservative *Tribuna Democrata* and the radical *Provincias Unidas*, are among Argentine newsmen who have been jailed for "irreverence."

Fear of economic pressure and mob violence have stayed many an Argentine editor's typewriter since the daily, *Critica*, had to stop publication in April, 1946, when fined the equivalent of \$40,000 for failing to meet a government decree. *Critica* reappeared several weeks later, but is no longer anti-Peron. During January, Alianza shock-troops returning from a pro-Peron rally stoned the offices of *La Prensa*, *La Nacion*, *El Mundo* and *La Vanguardia*, breaking plate-glass and electric fixtures for the third time in as many months. Two Socialists of *La Vanguardia's* staff were severely beaten. A few nights later, Alianza mobs again battered *La Prensa* with stones and hammered in the bottle-glass sidewalk deadlights so they could drop burning papers and kerosene-soaked rags into the basement. Jewish papers have been repeatedly attacked.

Peron's inauguration, the government announced its intention of defying public opinion by putting this ruling into effect.

Sure of the legislature, the Peron regime then started impeachment of four of Argentina's five supreme-court justices for the alleged crime of recognizing the Peronists' own revolution. Though Argentine lawyers cite eight constitutional violations in the proceedings, the four justices were tried by the senate, which on April 30 voted to dismiss three of them from office. In the meantime, several hundred democratically inclined lower-court jurists have been forced out—70 in Buenos Aires Province alone. Others have been

awarded "promotions," which, when not approved by the national senate, simply leave them out of a job. At one period late in 1946, the Argentine press reported that the entire criminal-court system was virtually paralyzed as a result of firings and unapproved promotions.

Moving in, meanwhile, on Argentina's economy, the Peron government in March, 1946, nationalized the privately established Central Bank—a surprise move comparable to the taking over of the German Reichsbank by the Nazis. A month later, a second decree made every bank in Argentina transfer all its accounts to the Banco Central, keeping just 10 percent of its deposits for cash operations. The decree also gave the commandeered bank control over foreign exchange, empowering it to refuse anyone in Argentina permission to pay for any product from abroad.

US banking concerns, which handle about a tenth of the financial operations in Argentina, now must pipe-line part of their profits to Peron's Banco Central, since all loans over the amount of banks' operating capital must be rediscounted to it.

Puppet unions

PRIVATE enterprise, hampered by red tape, taxes and fear, now is faced by the Peron government as a direct competitor. Through nationalization decrees and low-price purchases, the government has gone into businesses that range from merchant shipping to petroleum production, from wheat and corn selling to drug manufacturing. Many industries (the airlines are an example) have been reincorporated as "mixed companies," with the Peron government putting up 20 to 33 percent of the capitalization and controlling the concern and its profits. A growing list of products can be exported or imported only by the government's Institute for Trade Promotion.

The same methods of absorption have been applied by the Peron government to Argentine labor unions. After intervening in Argentina's two big railroad unions in 1943, the "Government of Colonels" replaced independent labor-union heads until by 1945 the nation's predominant labor federation, the Confederation General de Trabajo, was a

"government political arm." The CGT beat down Peron's opposition during the riotous 1946 presidential campaign.

Meanwhile the Labor Secretariat was empowered to deny to any union *personeria gremial*—the right to strike or participate in normal union activity. Labor leaders charge that the Peronists created puppet unions to replace long established organizations of textile workers, shoemakers, lumber workers, tobacco men, paper makers, railroad men and others.

In April of this year, the police prevented a meeting of rural delegations that had protested the government's grain price-fixing and its purchases of crops at cost for later sale at 200 or 300-percent profits. "The state," declared the delegations, "not satisfied with despoiling us of our liberty to work and trade, also is taking our sacred right of assembly. . . . If this is the treatment received by those who have done nothing but produce and work for the benefit of humanity and the grandeur of the nation, what kind of treatment will the other national walks of life get if they some day wish, like us, to claim their rights?"

The rhetorical question of the farm delegations has already been answered by the treatment given to Argentine universities. Strikes and anti-Peron demonstrations on the eve of the 1946 election had been the last stand of college boys and girls against troops and police. Always politically conscious and aware of their part in the country's future, numbers of the "snotty, slick-haired ones," as Peron once called the students, died resisting the Peronists, and police took some girls who had defended the Engineering faculty to the Buenos Aires

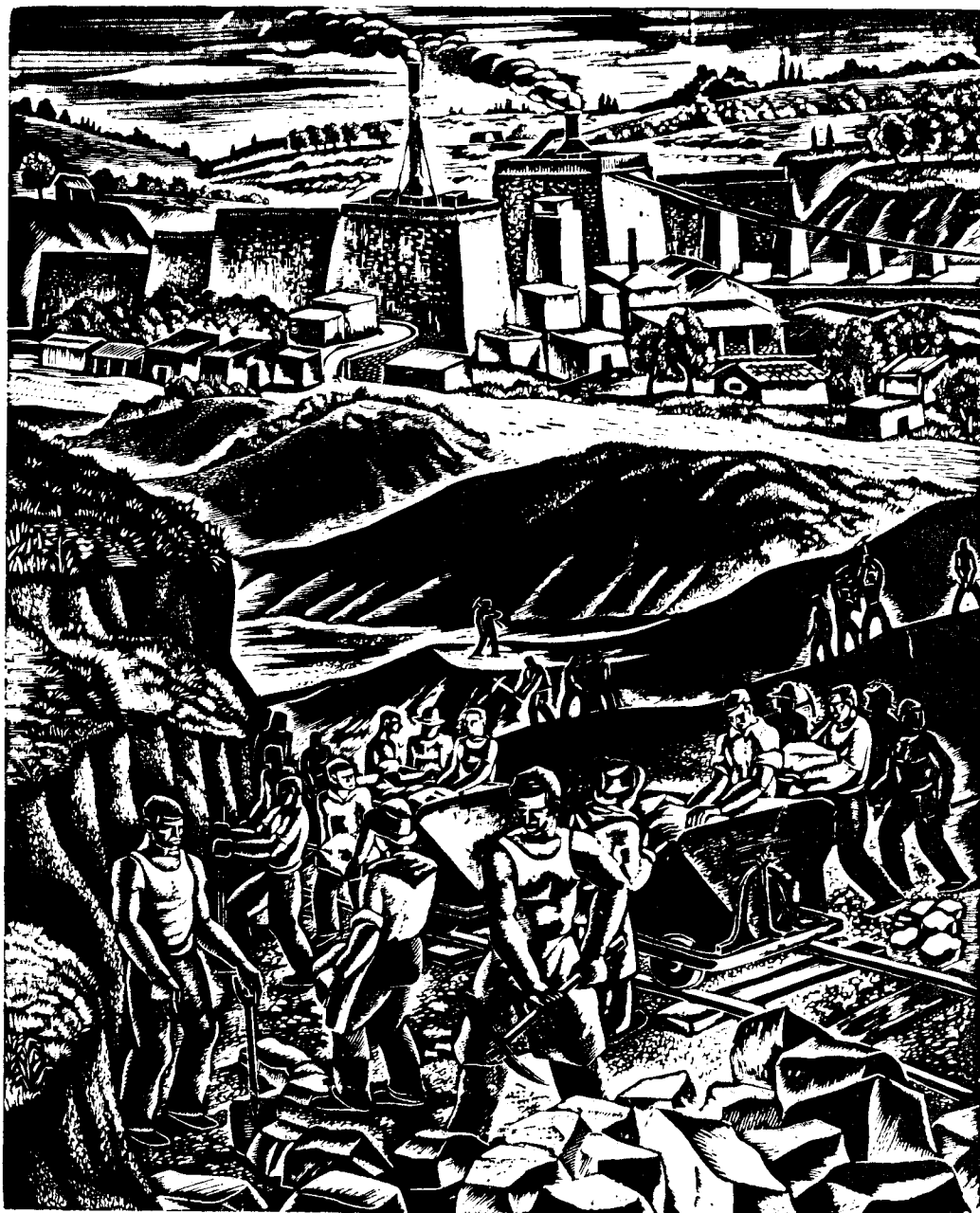
prostitutes' prison. After the election, students who protested the firing of democratic professors were ruthlessly punished. Nearly a year later, Jose Maria Rosales testified that police had tortured him and another student, Juan Franco, with the *picana electrica*, or electric cattle goad, in an effort to force them to confess, falsely, that they had set off noise bombs which were detonated in protest against academic firings.

Peron retaliated against student opposition by striking at the hard-earned, 30-year-old undergraduate right to a voice in choosing university authorities.

Under the new law, Peron will appoint a rector for each university, with other authorities so named that he will control all university administrative and teaching personnel.

Despite repeated student protest strikes, the Peron regime has replaced over 1,200 experienced professors with army officers and men comparatively ignorant of teaching. Organized democratic students have recently charged that the new law "transforms the universities into simple government bureaus."

The Peronists have also spared no



By Alberto Nicasio

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

PERON'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN RESTS ON THE SUPPORT OF HIS "SHIRTLESS ONES"

efforts to enlist the Roman Catholic Church as a handmaiden of their government. It was in order to gain clerical favor and thereby to win a stronger hold on the people (93 percent of whom are Catholics) that the Peronists approved laws unfavorable to new non-Catholic missions to the Argentine Indians and requiring government permission for all religious printed matter.

It should be remarked that the religious attitude of the average Argentine is much more secular than that of the average US Catholic—for instance, among the thousands of images that fill the basilica of Buenos Aires' Virgin of Lujan Cathedral are models of race horses, boxing gloves and trophies dedicated by men who believe that the Virgin intervened to "fix" sporting events for them. Typical of the regime's efforts to gain the Catholic authorities' blessing were the ceremonies at which a high Peronist officer hung the gaudy ribbons and trappings of an army general on most of Argentina's historic and venerated holy images, proclaiming each virgin a *general*, or "Generaless of

the Argentine Army," while propaganda newsreel cameras ground.

In April the Peronist legislature ratified the *enseñanza religiosa* law, which compels the teaching of Catholicism in all public schools. Teachers and texts are to be designated by the government and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities. Opposition sources have pointed out that this is "contrary to the constitution, which establishes strict liberty of conscience for all Argentines." The reaction of at least some Argentines to what they regard as the Peronist use of the Church as a political weapon may already be seen in rough chalk sketches on Buenos Aires buildings depicting a bloated frocked priest who has a cross on his breast and, in place of a head, a swastika.

100,000 unmolested Nazis

HAVING set up a totalitarian state, Peron and his crowd are now bidding for US arms for the alleged purpose of joining in defending our hemisphere. (President Truman's message of May 27, proposing US military aid

to all American republics, was welcomed at once by Peron's military leaders.) But in the meantime Argentina remains the snug haven for Nazis who schemed, and still scheme, for German world supremacy. Nearly 100,000 pro-Nazi Germans are still running around free and unmolested in the country. Of these 60,000 belonged to the Nazi Party, while 20,000 functioned in the network of German "sports clubs" and societies which, according to Allied records, acted as underground groups. Today, the German-Argentine Union Club still has more than 100 strategically located field headquarters intact. At least four other Argentine organizations are as active as during Hitler's time.

Peron's close friend, Ludwig Freude, was reliably called the chief receiver of German wartime funds in Argentina; but a Peron decree in October, 1946, formally cleared him of all charges of Axis activity "for lack of evidence." Of the 100 Axis spies whose extradition the Allies demanded of the Peron government, fewer than 30 were ever deported. On April 30, 1947, it was pointed out in the British House of Commons that the Peron regime has nationalized only 60 of 393 listed German firms, while German investments in Argentina still amount to about \$400 million.

Conscription à la Hitler

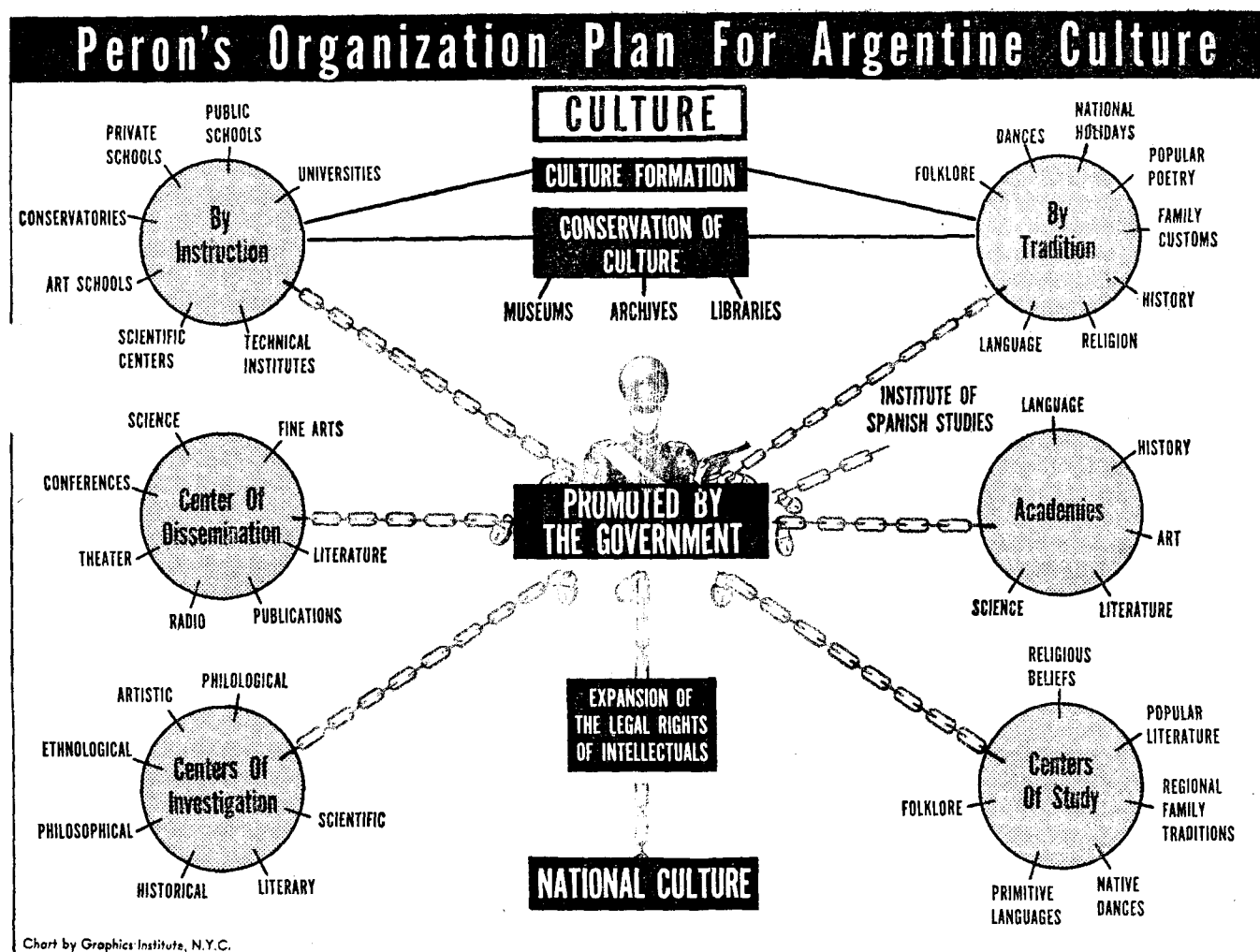
WHILE Nazi influences continue to spread, the Peron regime is undertaking to militarize the country. A bill passed late last year subjects all Argentine males and females of from 12 to 50 to military training and service and places all males from the age of 12 in the "air-force reserve" for flying, parachute and glider instruction. Peronist Deputy Reynaldo Benítez called this the "heroic preparation of our youth" and recalled the Hitler Youth, "which gave Germany a great advantage over the unprepared Allies." In mid-April of this year, air-raid-defense instruction of all Argentine school children was instituted. Meanwhile the book, *The Crime of War*, by Juan B. Alberdi, was forbidden as school reading matter.

Under a 1946 ruling, Peron's military

The Gospel According to Peron

Peron's government is more than a run-of-the-mill South American dictatorship; it purveys an ideology. On the basis of its record, the following main points emerge as Peronist doctrine:

- ❑ Absolute authority shall be centralized in the executive branch or presidency, with the legislative and judicial branches and local authorities responding to and controlled by Peronism.
- ❑ Outward forms of democracy shall be preserved in order to minimize opposition to Peronism from democratic foreign powers.
- ❑ The Peronist state knows what is best for the people, who must accept and be grateful for the "demonstrated advantages" Peronism hands down to them.
- ❑ Political opposition to Peronism is to be regarded as anti-patriotic and treasonable, and criticism of Peron government actions by individuals or the press shall be considered treason against the Peron revolution.
- ❑ Private enterprise shall give way to the nationalization or governmental control of major commercial and industrial activities and their operation for the profit of the government.
- ❑ Opposition on the part of non-Peronist Argentine provinces, labor unions, universities and secondary schools and other public and private groups shall be broken by "intervention"—which means the appointment of a government-picked executive to administer an organization.
- ❑ Labor organizations not controlled by the national government shall be denied union standing ("*personeria gremial*").
- ❑ It shall be the patriotic duty of educators and the Church to teach and preach Peronism.
- ❑ Military services shall be glorified and strengthened and Argentine youth shall be given "heroic preparation."
- ❑ The Peronist revolution, to protect itself, shall expand its influence to neighboring states.



PERON'S PLAN FOR CONTROLLING CULTURE FOLLOWS DR. GOEBBELS' PATTERN

spending is unitemized and secret. That June, Argentina had earmarked nearly \$550 million for "national defense"; subsequent military spending is estimated as being even higher. The Peron government's secret projects for atomic research and development have been reported in the *New Republic* for February 24 and March 31.

Beside these projects stands the Peronist Five-Year Plan, which has been called essentially a basis for military preparation. Providing for more than 5,000 miles of new highways, for one of the world's biggest national airports and for other public works, the plan also emphasizes dispersing of arsenals and industrial centers throughout the country for protection against air attack; it calls for municipal air-raid-shelter construction, civilian air-defense training, army blood banks and the setting up of a labor conscript service for men not drafted into the armed forces.

Backed by growing military power, Peron has been able in recent months to bring increasing economic pressure to bear on neighboring countries. His object is to create an "Austral Bloc"—that is, an Argentine-dominated league of southern nations determined to challenge US leadership in solidifying the hemisphere. Countries that depend very largely on trade with rich Argentina have been blackmailed by means of export and import quotas into coming to terms with her (see "South America's New Economic Colossus," the *New Republic*, January 13, 1947, and "Uruguay Walks a Tightrope," the *New Republic*, April 28, 1947). Peronist economic penetration takes the form of trade treaties backed by heavy loans which so far have pulled Chile, Bolivia and to some extent Uruguay into the Peron regime's economic orbit, while another treaty is being negotiated with Peru. In return for loans, Argentina wins partial con-

trol of her neighbors' industries and a favored access to their exports of minerals, petroleum, etc.

Peronism is an "advanced" form of dictatorship, and the face it shows to the outside world is strong. But it has its own interior weaknesses. The first of these is that the cost of living keeps climbing above the wage increases which Peron has granted as bait to his workers. The second is that *El Lider* is constantly being embarrassed by quarrels among his lower commanders. The third is the dependence of his whole program on profits from agriculture to finance the Five-Year Plan and the external loans which are the basis of political expansion. If Argentine food production or world prices fall, Peron's purse will be empty.

Yet all this by itself may not stop Peronism. The task of doing that may have to be undertaken collectively by the democracies of the Western world.

You Needn't Sit With the Customers

by Thomas H. Wolf

The day of the stage-door Johnny is past, but Sis Blanchard has found breaking into a Broadway chorus line as hard as ever

CROWDED into New York's theatrical district between Fortieth and Fifty-ninth Streets, east and west of Broadway, are the offices of the handful of producers who buy the flesh for more than half of the whole country's theatres, cabarets, road shows and fairs.

Into these offices every summer drops the annual crop of uncounted thousands of ripe, stage-struck high-school graduates—acres and acres of beauty looking for the chorus start which leads (in dreams, at least) to stardom. Seven or eight girls each year actually make the grade. Joan Crawford did. So did June Allyson. Hundreds more land in chorus lines across the country. But for every ten stardom-eyed hopefuls who make the Broadway rounds looking for work, only one will find it.

Such a one is Sis Blanchard, a 19-year-old dancer who twice nightly displays a modicum of hoofing and a maximum of figure for the patrons of Billy Rose's palatial Diamond Horseshoe cabaret.

While there is no more a "typical chorine" than there is a "typical woman," Lillis ("It's Bing's middle name, you know") Robles Blanchard is sufficiently average to represent her sisters. She is still far from her goal of musical-comedy stardom. But she has also come a long way from the dancing

This is another in the New Republic portrait series of Americans of various occupations and professions.

schools of Tampa, Florida, where she spent much of her youth preparing for her career.

The chorus industry today is divided into two main groups: theatres and night clubs. The requisites for the two are considerably different. Broadway directors these days have a penchant for picking girls whose chief asset is ability rather than a pretty face or a lush figure. As far as the theatre goes, the dumb, talentless, gold-digging beauty is on her last, shapely legs.

In cabarets, however, the emphasis is on "show girls"—beauties who can, in the words of one veteran producer, "create living scenery." Sis Blanchard's boss, Billy Rose, puts it another way. Asked what the commodity was which he bought when he picked a chorus, he snapped back: "What do you buy when you stand on a windy corner?"

Because of these industry factors, the Sis Blanchards of America, who usually arrive in New York with more beauty than talent, gen-

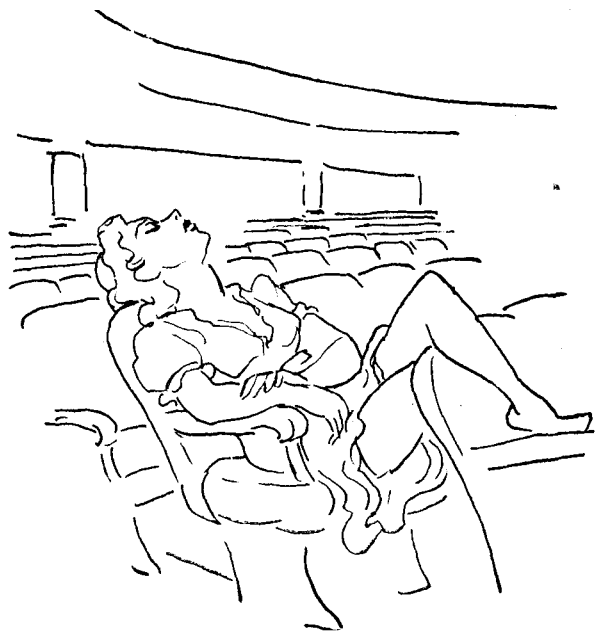
erally start working in night clubs and use their afternoons for the practice and lessons which will fit them for Broadway shows. Which is just what the real Sis is doing now.

Today's Broadway-minded chorine is not a poor little poor girl, an unwilling pushover for a dishonest dollar. Sis's father, for example, is manager of a music store. A comfortable financial background is a necessity for musical-comedy girls, because the ability currently demanded involves between \$2 and \$5 worth of lessons each week for several childhood years.

Like most of her colleagues, Sis did not pick dancing as a career. She began to dance when she was a child because her mother believes that "every girl should study ballet whether she plans to make a career of it or not; it gives her grace and poise." Sis thinks pretty much as her mother does on every conceivable subject. She and Mom have always been inseparable. And Mom, like the mothers of so many modern young actresses, lives with her daughter in New York.

Shortly before Sis's graduation from high school, a New York dancer named Marcos went to Tampa to teach at the Ella May School of the Dance, where Sis was studying. He suggested that she come to New York when she finished school.

Mom said she thought there was a lot of "loose living" in the theatre, but that every girl should try whatever career



Drawings by Don Freeman

Thomas H. Wolf, former European manager of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, has been freelancing since his return to America last fall. His articles have appeared in Collier's, This Week and Holiday.



ONE GIRL OUT OF TEN MAKES THE GRADE

would make her happy. Sis's father agreed on condition that Mom went along. And he gave Sis a graduation present of \$300 to finance the trip to the never-never land of Broadway.

Mechanics and economics

THE Broadway to which Sis came in the summer of 1945 bore little resemblance to its Follies days a generation earlier. Not that the mechanics had changed. The hypnotic forces of the industry, shared alike by walk-on and star, drew Sis in 1945 as they had drawn thousands for a generation. The crowded, stuffy dressing rooms, their walls pinned with faded "success" telegrams and cards that had accompanied opening-night flowers; the exciting aroma of cold cream and grease paint, of powder inhaled, of mascara spat on;

the strong, sour smell of new sweat mixed with the weak, musty smell of old sweat; the sudden, blinding heat of the spots and floods and foots.

But in 1945 the faces and the economy of the industry had changed. There were fewer chorus jobs than there used to be. Musical choruses are smaller than they were in Ziegfeld days. Again; every year more young Americans study dancing in childhood; competition is keener. Talented dancers can now work many years longer than they could when the choreographer's criterion was "beauty or bust."

Such were the mechanics of the theatre, which lured Sis to Broadway; and the economics, which kept her off it.

She had arrived in New York with one very important break: she knew Marcos, the dance teacher. Through him

she got her first audition with a cabaret producer, thus escaping the newcomer's age-old stumbling block: lack of entree.

A handful of men produce 95 percent of all the shows which are booked from New York. Each newcomer tries to add her picture, measurements and talents to the file of hundreds of similar records in every producer's office. Unless she is of outstanding beauty or ability, no producer will even take her name. And even if he does, she must bother every producer until, when an opening finally comes up, he will try her instead of the scores of other faces packed away in his files.

The long, disheartening daily grind goes on for weeks. Most chorines say that two months is a minimum for newcomers hoping to find work. It's then the

traditional occupational hazard is most tempting: the friendly gentleman who "knows how to get you into an act."

All this Sis missed because she had entree. A week after her audition she got her first contract—\$100 for a week's work at Doc Savage's Como Club in Buffalo, New York. That's a good salary for any chorine's first job. The cabarets usually pay more than the theatre, and Sis was doing specialty numbers. But Broadway is a quicker road to theatrical stardom than are the night clubs.

Sis had to spend her \$100 as soon as she got back to New York. She needed a specialty teacher to help her with new routines. But by then her father, proud and pleased that his little girl should be on the road to fame and success, started sending the \$25 checks which have been arriving every week since.

For the next year Sis played night clubs in and out of New York, averaging between \$50 and \$70 each week that she worked. That was most of the time, because she realized that she could make more money by dropping back into the chorus with a steady road show than by working part time as a specialty dancer.

Routine and budget

HER life today is a fairly routine one of practice, work and sleep. She and Mom live in a small, cheaply furnished apartment in New York City's humdrum West Nineties. It costs them \$16.50 a week for rent, and another \$20 for food. Six dollars go for dancing lessons. Like all ambitious chorus dancers, Sis takes ballet lessons five days a week (from 6 to 7 p. m.). She also has modern dancing classes twice a week in the early afternoon. Being a dancer is hard work, and Sis at 19 nostalgically talks about "the fun I had when I was young." But she loves every minute of the time she's on stage.

Her expenses for food, board and lessons, together with about \$3.50 for cosmetics and 25 cents for her union (American Guild of Variety Artists), pretty well eat up the \$48.35 she nets after deductions each week. The \$25 her father sends takes care of other expenses, but there isn't much for savings.

Clothes, for example, are a big item for girls who must look their best when making rounds for jobs. Then, too, Sis

is getting started as a model. (She's one of the Chesterfield girls in a recent ad series.) This meant spending more than \$75 for pictures to be left at agencies.

For Sis, like most chorus (or any other attractive) girls, incidental expenses are low because most tabs are eagerly grabbed by would-be swains. Moreover, there isn't much time for spending money. She has shows at 8:30 and 12:30. This means that, except for her Monday off, her free evening time is between 10 and midnight, or after 2:30 a. m.

Since few men want to wait until the wee hours to go out, most of Sis's dating is between shows. The nights she hasn't dates she spends with the other Horseshoe girls at a small bar across the street from the club. There's lots of talking but little drinking, because the late show is still to come.

Like most of her colleagues, Sis chiefly dates people connected with the theatre. Their hours coincide with hers, and

they're the people she gets to know. Until a month ago, Sis had never had a note from a would-be Johnny. But recently a very bosomy picture was released to the papers and got wide publication, and she has begun to get letters and phone calls from strangers.

During her traveling apprenticeship she learned a lot about night clubs—on both sides of the footlights. At some spots the girls were supposed to sit with the customers. At most they weren't. She quickly found out that the day of the note-passing, flower-sending Johnny has passed. If a girl wants a date, she has to indicate it. Sis figures that about two girls in ten are wearing mink coats they can't afford. This figure checks with general Broadway opinion.

Just working girls

ON the road the girls keep pretty much to themselves. They sleep late, go to the movies or beauty parlors, see the sights, shop and sunbathe. It's pretty much the life any working girl leads, except that the hours are reversed.

Throughout Sis's travels she found a minimum of wrangling among the girls. The theatre is famous for jealousy, but Sis found that if she didn't try for someone else's job, she stayed out of trouble. She only got into one hair-pull, and that was in defense of the wardrobe mistress—who happened to be Mom.

Every time she got back to New York between road trips she looked around for possible Broadway shows. For a brief period she was a model for a wholesale corset house. She made \$75 a week, and Mom didn't mind her displaying her curvaceous figure. "After all," Mom explained, "she wasn't any more exposed than she would be in practice clothes. Sis isn't vulgar about her body. But she isn't overly modest, either. I guess you'd say she simply isn't body-conscious." No one can afford to be in the industry.

After a long tour last summer, Sis decided to stay in New York at all costs. She got her job through a friend of a friend of Billy Rose. "I thought she had what the customers would like to see," Rose says. And so, on Tuesday, August 6, 1946 (her nineteenth birthday), Sis Blanchard joined the Horseshoe line at \$55 a week. She's been there ever since.





Books in Review



Journey to the Interior

THE HIDDEN DAMAGE, by James Stern
(Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$4).

JAMES STERN, a footloose short-story writer, translator from the German and all-around man of letters, who was born in Ireland and had long European experience, went to Germany on a US government mission right after the Nazi collapse. He discovered that his job of examining civilians about the effect of aerial bombardment had a lot of "conspicuous waste" and general pointlessness to it. But it did give him an opportunity to get around the country and talk at length to many Germans, which is what he wanted to do. The inevitable result of a trip that brought him back to the United States right after the Japanese surrender is a book called *The Hidden Damage*, which is a little disappointing as a literary work but offers considerable interesting material for reflection about postwar Germany.

Although *The Hidden Damage* leaves no doubt that its author is a man with an authentic writing talent, it does not quite come off artistically, in great part because its pattern of combining scenes and observations of the present with Stern's memories of his youthful days abroad often impedes the flow of his narrative. Nevertheless, there is a paradoxical kind of success in this comparative failure. Because the author was interested in capturing the mood and moral atmosphere of vanquished Germany in a creative literary effort, instead of presenting a conventional journalistic or sociological report, his book does manage to suggest the unhealthy spiritual atmosphere with a vividness that can be strikingly illuminating.

Most of Stern's work was in South Germany, particularly in Bavaria, and he is especially interesting on the Bavarian role in the famous attempt to kill Hitler in 1944. Like all other investigators of the conspiracy, he is struck by the fact that it was chiefly backed by ultra-conservatives, both military and civilian,

and he adds that it "made one wonder what motives such men had for wanting to kill Hitler and whether they had become active before they realized that the game for Germany was up." He had no doubt, however, that the plot had wide ramifications, and he tells of discussing the matter with a member of the ancient Bavarian banking family of Fugger, who had participated and somehow survived. This survivor, in whom he puts much faith, said:

Not until I was thrown into the Berlin jail did I realize how wide the plot had spread, how many and what different kinds of people all over the country had been working away in secret—in secret from their wives and families and nearest friends. It was extraordinary. I saw men there in the death-cells whom I hadn't seen and who probably hadn't seen one another for years. I saw friends with whom until recently I'd been corresponding—the usual careful, uninteresting war-time exchange of letters, you know—and whom I never for a moment would have suspected of leading a double, much less a—somewhat dangerous life!

This Count Fugger was a Catholic and, according to Stern, he was to have been made Governor of Bavaria in a Germany that was to be decentralized, with the influence and boundaries of Prussia cut down. A primarily socialist regime was to be established—the author is certain of this. "The socialist system of economics," he quotes in an appendix, was accepted by all parties to the plot, even the Catholics, and he presents a somewhat idealistic picture of all the religious bodies of Germany that hoped for the overthrow of Hitler agreeing to such a social order. Whatever program of social and economic reform the members of the conspiracy may have agreed upon, they were by no means beyond suspicion in the eyes of the democratic world, both through their generally reactionary records and background and their somewhat tardy entry into the ranks of the anti-Nazis, but there was one group against which the latter charge could certainly not be leveled. Anti-

Nazi students were working underground against Hitler as early as 1937 and there was a doomed but heroic student uprising in January, 1943. After all, those great concentration camps in Germany were originally meant for and filled with Germans.

NEVERTHELESS, granting all proper credit to the thousands of Germans who did at one time or another demonstrate their opposition to Hitler, Stern's picture of the postwar attitude of the German people as a whole is a far from encouraging one. In the first place, there was the self-pitying quality which he found everywhere, with the querulous complaint that it was horrible to see "poor little Germany" with her lovely cities in ruins and her enemies behaving so harshly. "The prompt retort that I had recently seen the people of Paris," he writes; "that the Germans were responsible for leveling most of the cities of Europe, for massacring six million Jews, and that they, the Germans, were the only healthy people left on the Continent" obviously gave these complainers their first consideration of the suffering inflicted by their armies on other nations. But even then their consciences appeared far from disturbed.

There was one arrogant, embittered and highly unpleasant Red Cross nurse who still stuck to her Nazi creed, although she had apparently not been a party member. As disagreeable as she was, Stern found her almost refreshing because of the contrast between her brutal honesty and the groveling lack of candor on the part of almost everyone else he interviewed. "The soldiers didn't lose the war," they would say; "it was the leadership, and particularly the SS." They admitted to no sense of guilt and to no knowledge of the barbaric cruelties committed in the name of their nation, and their only conviction was that they themselves were being badly treated. At the same time Stern considers the possibility that the sense of guilt is not admitted because it is so

tremendous that they dare not face it.

In at least two cases this seemed to him likely. Everywhere he heard the usual stories of Russians raping and looting and of the German fear that the Americans and British would leave them in the hands of such brutes. In some part this was due to the old Goebbels propaganda and to the desire to stir up trouble between the Allies who had defeated them, but to a great extent it was the result of having heard from their fellow countrymen, who were veterans of the Russian campaigns, of the atrocities committed by the German army on Soviet soil. Then there was the matter of the Jews. For all the remaining anti-Semitism, Stern felt that there was an embarrassed sense of guilt about the way the Jews had been treated. He heard it said many times. "We lost the war," a girl of seventeen told him in Nuremberg, "because of our persecution of the Jews," and a German ex-soldier, talking to him of the Jewish massacres in Poland, said, "No nation capable of

such atrocities could possibly win a war." He added: "I am haunted always by what I saw in Lemberg. My greatest difficulty since has been to convince people of what I saw with my own eyes. Even my wife won't believe me. . . ."

ONE PIECE OF observation in *The Hidden Damage* is in considerable contrast to most of the evidence I have heard, and is rather encouraging. When they were in the Nuremberg area, Stern and his companions got hold of a battered bust of Hitler, bandaged its head grotesquely and put it outside their residence so that they could watch the reactions of the passers-by. He confesses that he did not take a really careful count of how the people behaved in the presence of what he calls "this bit of questionable taste on the part of the conquerors toward the conquered," but he did note that there was a decided difference in the behavior of the young and middle-aged who stopped to gape. The elders would invariably glare in fury

and then walk off muttering to themselves. The young, though, would laugh delightedly and go off with a lighter step. I should have feared that it would be the other way around.

The Hidden Damage is not all gravity. The author had some amiable companions, drank some excellent wine, saw a few quietly heroic Germans as well as the many unpleasant ones and brooded pleasantly over happier days. His brief visits to both Paris and London were interesting if, in the former case, depressing. If this is a generally depressing book it is because, even beyond the physical ruin he observed, he saw such a spiritually depressing land.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

"As a Little Child"

ON UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE, by James B. Conant (Yale; \$2).

WHERE is science bred? Why was the Greek age so fertile in scientific ideas and the Roman age so bar-



ren? Why did the science we call "modern" come to life in the sixteenth century? For our time, with science both a scourge and a promise, there are perhaps the more pressing inquiries: how do we learn about science and how are we to teach men to understand its essence and its implications? These questions puzzled Plato and many educators since. They puzzle Dr. Conant of Harvard in his new book *On Understanding Science*, based on the twenty-third in the series of Terry "Lectures on Religion in the Light of Science and Philosophy" delivered last year at Yale.

As an educator and scientist, Conant is well qualified to tell us where our methods of teaching science are deficient and to suggest how they may be improved. The "best half-educated people in the world" is how we were once described by Nicholas Murray Butler. So far as a "feel" for science is concerned, this is an overstatement, despite the fact that we are frighteningly glib with a fine assortment of jargon, running from "alpha particles" through "lordosis" and the "super-ego." It remains true even if we are technologically the most advanced nation and more boys in Houston than in all of Europe can fix a carburetor or build a radio. The layman, says Conant, has a "fundamental ignorance of what science can or cannot accomplish." The remedy for our "bewilderment" as to what science, as opposed to technology, is about "does not lie in a greater dissemination of scientific information among non-scientists. Being well informed about science is not the same thing as understanding science, though the two propositions are not antithetical. What is needed is methods for imparting some knowledge of the tactics and strategy of science to those who are not scientists."

By the "tactics and strategy" of science (if one must borrow illustrative terms, I can scarcely think of a less appropriate field to which to turn than military "science") Conant means "the sound doctrines which have guided experimentalists in the past and are guiding them at the very moment." Among such doctrines he notes the following: "New concepts may result from systematic experiments or observations";

or from "a consideration of difficulties in an old concept"; or from "accidental discoveries which are followed up." "Significant observations are the result of 'controlled experiments' or observations; the difficulties of experimentation must not be overlooked." "New techniques arise as a result of experimentation and influence further experimentation."

Now, I have no difficulty in understanding Conant's principles; as a layman, however, I find they give me meager enlightenment as to what must have guided Archimedes, Newton, Lavoisier or Einstein. It seems to me that these are not principles but generalities which in no real sense penetrate the surface of creative investigation. It is as if a book on the techniques of painting were to offer such profound precepts as: look carefully at the object to be painted; see that the lighting is good; paint what you see; don't be easily discouraged; don't be a slave to tradition; and so on. Conant says nothing of such established techniques for aiding advancement as the use of analogy, of decomposing and recombining problems to make them simpler, of solving auxiliary problems as stepping stones to the main, of working backwards as a means of getting at causes from known effects. These are methods used effectively in mathematics as well as in other disciplines.

Nor is there much guidance in Conant's historical examples of science in action, interesting and well told though they may be. The first example traces the evolution of the modern pump, the modern barometer and the modern explanation of their behavior resulting from the pressure of the ocean of air above us. These are the fruits of emancipation from Aristotle's crude notion that nature abhors a vacuum. Aristotle's concept was a shrewd generalization based on limited observation and served well enough for many centuries. What led men to inquire into the matter further? Curiosity was not enough; at least, there is insufficient evidence to show why the curiosity of the seventeenth century was more active and more seminal than that of the 20 centuries preceding. There was, to be sure, an in-

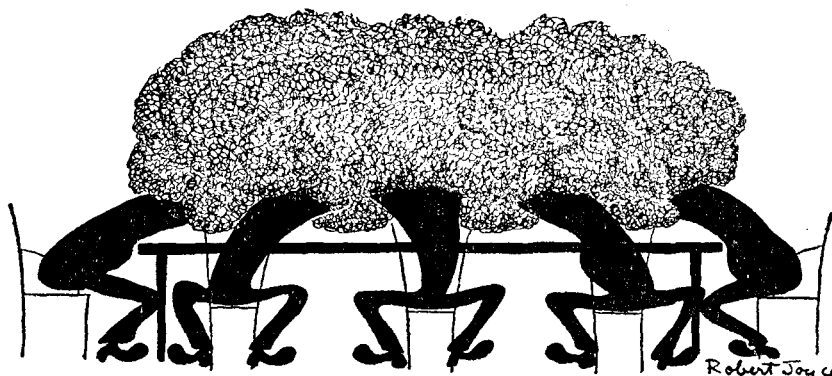
dustrial stimulus; for example, as mining operations grew more elaborate, better pumps were needed. There was a military stimulus, one which has continued for three centuries and has brought us all manner of scientific blessings. Science derived a strong impulse, also, from the famous scientific societies founded in London and in Florence in the second half of the century. But together the bricks do not make the edifice. Nor is there a sufficient explanation to be found in Conant's brief allusions to the "interaction of science and society," to the philosophy of Bacon and Descartes, to the Puritan sympathies of the early members of the Royal Society, to the cultural effects of the Reformation, to the patronage of the Medicis and to those lines of speculation "made famous by Max Weber and others connecting the Protestant ethic, the rise of capitalism and the phenomenal growth of scientific activity in the seventeenth century."

THERE are other objections to Conant's presentation of the "tactics and strategy" thesis, which somehow fails to come off. Bacon, with his theories about the "inductive method," has long had a baneful influence on the thinking about science. (I doubt any scientist has ever taken them seriously.) Problems were to be approached with the mind a *tabula rasa*, and thus free from pre- and misconceptions. If this "system" could be established, he wrote in the *Novum Organum*, "the invention of all causes and sciences would be the labor of but a few years." Commenting on this romantic and appealing myth, Morris R. Cohen used to say, "When you come to a scientific problem with your mind blank, all you get for your pains is a headache." Conant informs us, however, that another of his historical examples of the tactics and strategy of science—the work of Galvani and Volta on the electric current—shows "that in the exploration of a new phenomenon the experiments may be well planned without any 'working hypothesis' as to the nature of the phenomenon, but that shortly an explanation is sure to arise." This contradicts not only what most scientists and philosophers of science have been

saying for years in attempting to undo the mischief done by the man who wrote about science like a Lord Chancellor, but contradicts Conant's own lucid exposition of the principle of the "controlled experiment," the value of which came to recognition in the seventeenth century. Identify and control, if possible, the disturbing and irrelevant variables which will vitiate the results of your experiment. That is what is meant by "control." But this presupposes a plan, a working hypothesis and a goal; otherwise, how is the experimenter to know what to identify, what to control or eliminate, what to look for as "significant"?

"A scientific discovery," writes Conant, "must fit the times." This is given as a major principle, although just how it helps to an understanding of either science or its methods is not clear to me. It has an air of profundity, but I suspect it of being a tautology to the effect that scientific discoveries are not made until they are made. On balance, however, false profundity is not a defect of Conant's lectures. On the contrary, they are more likely to bring to mind Bertrand Russell's charge against a certain book that it was "clear at the expense of being profound."

ONE gets not much closer, as a result of reading this essay, to the kinematics of scientific progress. Nor is it really a guide to pedagogy. The main problems—how to learn science, how to teach it, how to grasp its methods so that they may be extended to a widening range of social, economic and political problems—are left in the air. They are problems which for many years now have been attacked from different viewpoints. There has been a widespread effort, particularly among educational psychologists, to determine how science is learned. There are excellent books (one by Morris R. Cohen and Ernest Nagel is uppermost in my mind) on logic and the nature of scientific method. The "progressive" methods of elementary and secondary schools, which go up and down in current educational fashions, attempt the "casebook approach" of teaching science advocated by Conant. There are classic passages in the writings of a few



of the more distinguished scientists attempting to explain how they arrived at their discoveries. Faraday's *Experimental Researches in Electricity* is a superb example of a great scientist telling "all"; every attempt, every doubt, every failure, every advance. The beautiful essay by Henri Poincaré on "Mathematical Creation" brings us as close perhaps as any writing to the working of a scientist's mind:

In fact, what is mathematical creation? It does not consist in making new combinations with mathematical entities already known. Anyone could do that, but the combinations so made would be infinite in number and most of them absolutely without interest. To create consists precisely in not making useless combinations and in making those which are useful and which are only a small minority. Invention is discernment, choice. . . .

To invent, I have said, is to choose; but the word is perhaps not wholly exact. It makes one think of a purchaser before whom are displayed a large number of samples and who examines them, one after the other, to make a choice. Here the samples would be so numerous that a whole lifetime would not suffice to examine them. This is not the actual state of things. The sterile combinations do not even present themselves to the mind of the inventor. Never in the field of his consciousness do combinations appear that are not really useful, except some that he rejects but which have to some extent the characteristics of useful combinations. All goes on as if the inventor were an examiner for the second degree who would only have to question the candidates who had passed a previous examination. . . .

It is time to penetrate deeper and to see what goes on in the very soul of the mathematician. For this, I believe, I can do best by recalling memories of my own. But I shall limit myself to telling how I wrote my first memoir on Fuchsian functions. I beg the reader's pardon: I am about to use some technical expres-

sions, but they need not frighten him; for he is not obliged to understand them. I shall say, for example, that I have found the demonstration of such a theorem under such circumstances. This theorem will have a barbarous name, unfamiliar to many, but that is unimportant; what is of interest for the psychologist is not the theorem but the circumstances.

For fifteen days I strove to prove that there could not be any functions like those I have since called Fuchsian functions. I was then very ignorant; every day I seated myself at my work table, stayed an hour or two, tried a great number of combinations and reached no results. One evening, contrary to my custom, I drank black coffee and could not sleep. Ideas rose in crowds; I felt them collide until pairs interlocked, so to speak, making a stable combination. By the next morning I had established the existence of a class of Fuchsian functions, those which come from the hypergeometric series; I had only to write out the results, which took but a few hours. . . .

Just at this time I left Caen, where I was then living, to go on a geologic excursion under the auspices of the school of mines. The changes of travel made me forget my mathematical work. Having reached Coutances, we entered an omnibus to go some place or other. At the moment when I put my foot on the step the idea came to me, without anything in my former thoughts seeming to have paved the way for it. . . . I did not verify the idea; I should not have had time, as, upon taking my seat in the omnibus, I went on with a conversation already commenced, but I felt a perfect certainty. On my return to Caen, for conscience' sake I verified the result at my leisure.

There are, to be sure, few Poincarés. Most of us are not inspired when we put a foot on the step of a bus. Most of us tend to think about scientific things along lines made famous in a colloquy between Mutt and Jeff. Jeff having been asked by his partner

whether he had heard that water is composed (by weight) of eight parts of oxygen to one part of hydrogen, replies "What! Is there no water in it?"

But one principle, not mentioned by Conant, can be understood by everyone. It appeared in a famous letter, defending his agnosticism, by Thomas Huxley to Charles Kingsley. "Sit down before fact as a little child," advised Huxley. This is still the best guide I know for learning about the world.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

Fiction Chronicle

THE CONFESSIONS OF ZENO, by Italo Svevo, translated by Beryl de Zoete, with an introduction by Renato Poggioli (New Directions; \$3.50).

THREE, by William Sansom (Reynal and Hitchcock; \$2.50).

MIST IN THE TAGUS, by Tom Hopkinson (Little, Brown and Company; \$2.50).

AS THE first book of a proposed Modern Readers' Series, New Directions has published a translation of a remarkable novel, *The Confessions of Zeno*, written by a Trieste merchant known by the pseudonym of Italo Svevo and first published in Bologna in 1923.

Having submitted himself to psychoanalysis, Zeno has been asked by his analyst to write his autobiography, particularly tracing the origin and development of certain habits and obsessions. That record is the sum of the novel.

"Psychoanalysis," the introduction to the book suggests, "is a bourgeois fad," for the obvious reason that not only is the bourgeois the man most susceptible to the complaint called *malade imaginaire*, he is generally the only man who can afford it. Zeno is a bourgeois hero, the emancipated (or disfranchised) heir of rich merchants of Trieste, his business tended by deputies and himself tended by his wife. Concerned in a general way with his household and his family connections, at his marriage he settles himself to become the familiar patriarch. He finds no complaint with his world, but functions easily there as "the best man of the family." He is thus entirely free to attend to his hypochondria.

"Ill health," he says, "is a conviction and I was born with that conviction." But his ill health is no mere sequence

of ailments and remedies. It is the basis of his daily habits and his intellectual pursuits. It is a ritual and a philosophy. He is not altogether unconscious that it is his substitute religion.

In the Italian, the title of the book is *La Coscienza di Zeno*, an equivocal word which means both his consciousness and his conscience. For Zeno's long obsession with his aches and pains which "tried to give a philosophic content to the malady" is really an experiment on himself, as the sum of his

knowledge. Through understanding—"it is only we invalids who can know anything about ourselves"—his aim is that perfection which in such a context is called Health. In this comedy of Salvation, therefore, Hypochondria becomes his moral conscience, self-analysis his dogma, and his drug cabinet the shrine at which he worships.

THE exasperating thing about William Sansom's book, *Three*, is that it promises, over and over again, to

American Policy and the Chinese Revolution

1925-1928

By DOROTHY BORG

The similarity between the Nationalist Revolution and the present Chinese conflict makes an exploration of American policy during that period especially helpful in understanding present-day Chinese and American attitudes. The publication by the State Department of *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States* has now made this exploration possible.

Even well-informed readers will be surprised at the extent to which Secretary of State Kellogg sympathized with the Chinese demand for revision of foreign treaties, and at the degree to which officials of the State Department differed in their approach to the problems raised by the revolution. Miss Borg portrays the attitudes of other interested American groups as well—missionaries, businessmen, and newspapermen.

\$5.00 at all bookstores MACMILLAN

be better than it is. There are two short novels and a story in the book, but one of the short novels, *The Cleaner's Story*, is representative because in it the author's virtues are most successfully wedded to his weaknesses, the kind of marriage, unfortunately, they are inclined to contract.

It is a gossipy, sordid tale of a French village, told through the café scrub-woman. At first this seems an effective point of view, but after getting the story down on the floor, Sansom has nothing to say about the villagers' feet, and is only strained to match his original ingenuity in order to keep the thing going from under the table. The crux of the tale are two reported scandals, a betrothal and a murder, and the villagers' response to them. Then it turns out that the rumors are false, that nothing has happened after all, but instead of intensifying the irony of the situation, this dénouement has the opposite effect of betraying the slightness of the characterization.

The stories are written in that kind of "sensitive" prose best suited to convey evanescent impressions, but the very number of such touches here, to make a final carping point, expose the speciousness of the larger meaning. It's like reading a text of carefully arranged punctuation marks.

MIST IN THE TAGUS is Tom Hopkinson's first book to be published in America. It is the story of a holiday. A young English girl leaves her job for two weeks and goes alone to a Portuguese fishing village. In the gayety and optimism of her adventure and under the spell of the strange place, life becomes deceptively poetic and full of possibilities. But in reaching for them, she finds that they are a part of the adventure and not a part of the life she has escaped only for a short time.

This is a much better book than I can suggest in a short account. Hopkinson's talents are of a delightful but subtle order, and in this novel he employs them to combine the atmosphere of a place and an experience, so that the beauty and mystery of the village are a part of the nostalgia of the young girl's holiday.

JOHN FARRELLY



Labor



The White House Gang

A MINOR mystery of the Truman Administration is why Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach does not resign in disgust and take himself back to his beloved Pacific Northwest, where life could not be unkindier than in Washington. President Truman's refusal to veto the portal-pay bill, at Schwellenbach's request, is only the latest in a long line of humiliating incidents since the Secretary abandoned a federal judgeship two years ago and took up the onerous duties of running Truman's Labor Department.

Schwellenbach does not particularly like the Labor Department job, nor is he a man who easily handles administrative detail. He is a lawyer of sound humane instincts whose temperament is admirably suited to the necessities and amenities of the bench. He is not at ease at press conferences; he has none of the pleasure of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the intensely human job of forcing a compromise on a quarreling labor-management group.

The Secretary's advice on labor matters, as with the Case-bill veto, has sometimes been followed by Truman. But on such occasions Schwellenbach's advice has happened to coincide with that of others—of Clark Clifford, the President's special counsel, or of John R. Steelman, now a special assistant at the White House.

The list of cases in which Schwellenbach has been overridden is impressive. He asked vetoes last year of the Lea (anti-Petrillo) and Hobbs (anti-racketeering) bills, but was turned down. (Since then a federal district court has branded the Lea bill unconstitutional on four counts and the Hobbs bill has proved completely ineffective.) When Truman decided a year ago to break the railroad strike by asking Congress for a draft-strikers law, Schwellenbach was told about it, for informative purposes only, a few hours before the President went to Capitol Hill.

Actually there is no one person or

group of persons on whom the President depends especially for advice on labor matters. This is partly because of the way Truman works—making his own decisions following counsel from the whole White House "team"—and partly because the successful advisers shift on different issues.

In the coal strike last autumn, the three people who planned strategy for "busting" John L. Lewis by court proceedings were Secretary of the Interior J. A. ("Cap") Krug, Clark Clifford and Attorney General Tom Clark.

ON the portal-pay bill the lineup was different. Clifford was inclined to agree with Schwellenbach that the congressional bill was extreme. Gael Sullivan, executive director of the Democratic National Committee, argued that the bill would particularly harm nine million unorganized, low-wage workers who lacked alert unions to safeguard their interests.

But Attorney General Clark again was on the opposite side from Schwellenbach. Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman strongly urged that the bill be signed, and so did Treasury Secretary John W. Snyder, War Secretary Robert P. Patterson and Navy Secretary James Forrestal, whose departments faced large theoretical portal-pay obligations on cost-plus contracts.

Politics entered the picture. Democratic tacticians on Capitol Hill suggested that by signing the portal-pay bill the President could lay a good foundation for a later veto of a general labor



bill. The tactics may work if Truman vetoes the labor bill with sufficient vigor to persuade a tensely divided Senate to sustain him.

The place occupied by John R. Steelman among White House labor advisers is somewhat dubious. Steelman made his national reputation with the Conciliation Service; Schwelienbach brought him back to Washington from a private industrial-relations practice, and Schwelienbach also recommended him to the White House when the President wanted someone in his inner circle who knew something about labor. But since then Steelman has done general odd jobs. It is an understatement to say that relations between Steelman and Schwelienbach have become less cordial.

THE basic fault in White House labor actions lies, of course, not in Truman's advisers but in the President himself. He is instinctively sympathetic with the workingman; his Senate record was pro-labor. But during his early presidential time of tribulation, Truman became furious with the union leaders who, after V-J Day, promised to continue "coöperation" with the government. The President thought this was a renewed no-strike pledge and apparently did not realize that vast strikes were inevitable—just as after World War I—unless all economic controls were rigidly held and unless wages were carefully adjusted to balance losses of weekly earnings from production cutbacks.

During the great reconversion strikes Truman privately denounced John L. Lewis, William Green and Philip Murray in bitter terms; he seemed singularly unimpressed by the fact that nearly all union leaders regularly accepted settlement terms proposed by fact-finding boards while industry more often rejected them. It was impossible, with the President in such a mood, for the White House to avoid errors of omission and commission. Clark Clifford, despite criticism as a "glamor-boy" conservative, knows that the inevitable effect of most labor-curbing legislation would be to weaken labor's bargaining power. Whether the President has yet learned this remains to be seen.

WILLARD SHELTON

Practical Psychiatry

(Between Mental Health and Mental Disease)

BY DR. B. LIBER

Adj. Professor of Psychiatry, Director of a Mental Hygiene Clinic

PRACTICAL PSYCHIATRY is a book on mental hygiene dealing with EVERYDAY difficulties of the average person rather than with rare or very abnormal cases. It deals with conditions which occur in all classes of society, among all sorts of people. *There is hardly a family completely free from some mental trouble.*

As a guide to mental health and psychic happiness, it helps the individual to solve his own and his family's problems and to adjust himself and others to surrounding circumstances and to society as a whole. In the first place it teaches where the trouble lies. It traces the growth of the mind from *childhood* through *adolescence* to *maturity* and discusses the question of SEX and MARRIAGE frankly.

With a minimum of theory and technical terminology and about 250 case histories as illustrations, all taken from the author's wide experience, this volume offers a *practical* and sensible approach to the *almost normal* and *slightly abnormal* or mildly unadjusted person seeking to correct the mental entanglements that confront him in this complex world.

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It is recommended by reviewers and great authorities

New York World-Telegram: "A well-known physician tells how some of our most alarming anxieties and difficulties yield to mental hygiene." —*The Philadelphia Inquirer:* "Dr. Liber has performed a valuable service in giving the layman a means of intelligent understanding of mental health without tiring, scaring or boring the reader." —*Medical Times:* "The practical aspects are emphasized without delving into the controversial theoretical considerations or technical

terminology. It is *one of the best* books the reviewer has seen for the intelligent layman in which *common sense* psychiatry is kept to the front." —Dr. Adolf Meyer, Dean of American Psychiatrists says: "I like your direct common sense which gives valuable data to the reader." —*Upton Sinclair:* "Out of your long experience you have offered your readers a great deal of common sense and advice." —Etc., etc.

From the Table of Contents:

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United Nations News



Building a Bridge

LEV SYCHRAVA is a Czech newspaperman, lawyer, diplomat and patriot. He spent the First World War in Switzerland and France, publishing papers and organizing exiles in support of a free Czechoslovakia led by Benes and Masaryk. He spent the Second World War in Buchenwald. After each of them he returned to Prague to publish his independent liberal newspaper, *National Liberation*. He is a mild, sandy-haired man with a mustache and is now making his first trip to the United States as Czechoslovakia's delegate to the UN Subcommittee on Freedom of Information and of the Press.

Sychrava is important not so much as a technical expert as for his political position. He is the bridge, as is his country, between East and West. His strength is in his belief that accord can be reached. "What is necessary must be," he says, "and since accord between East and West must be, it can be." Sychrava works and acts on this assumption. He applies it to press freedom with painstaking care. He has attempted—in a commission which has necessarily avoided "substance"—to explain his case.

"We in central Europe," he will say earnestly, "remember that the greatest crimes against freedom were committed in the name of equality and freedom. That is why we must stress the responsibilities of the press. There are remnants of fascism in Germany and other countries which would abuse an unqualified freedom. You must make exceptions; you cannot give freedom without demanding responsibility in return."

The entire subject of press freedom, in so far as the commission has touched on it, is a nebulous one and Sychrava, perhaps better than anyone else, realizes this. The only approach, at this particular time, may well be on that high but somehow unsatisfactory plane where platitudes, semantics and ideals meet. Most commission members feel that their only task now is to formulate an

agenda for next year's world press conference. But if the world conference itself deals in platitudes, one can expect equally meaningless conclusions. J. M. Lomakin, Soviet Consul General in New York and a former Tass editor, insists that principles must be outlined now, that the substance of the question must be discussed. Most of the other delegates want everything left to the conference, insisting that this is and should be a procedural session. Sychrava is somewhere between the two.

ON THE other side of the conference table sits Zechariah Chafee, Harvard's professor of Jurisprudence, a legal expert who is fond of making his point by drawing homey illustrations. Next to Chafee is A. R. K. MacKenzie, first secretary and public-relations officer for Britain's UN delegation. Technically, MacKenzie is easily the ablest man on the subcommission, despite the fact that he was called in at the last minute to replace R. J. Cruikshank of the London *News Chronicle*. MacKenzie has been responsible for more compromise solutions than any other man on the commission and his quick perception has saved days of work. Next to MacKenzie sits Lomakin, the curly-headed, shrewd dialectician who smokes endlessly and laughs disarmingly at himself and his colleagues.

These are the men that Sychrava, or men like him, are attempting to bring together. For no matter what the subject, the division exists today. Sychrava's problem is multilateral: language, history, tradition, politics. For self-preservation alone, he must be in between. As he says, "My country can be the leader or it can be nothing—we must work for an accord reached through socialism, step by step, without violence." In his own country the problem has been handled satisfactorily. "We have no censorship," Sychrava explains. "We have perhaps a dozen daily papers representing political parties, labor, farmers, intellectuals and special-language groups. The Minister of Information is

a Communist. He does not interfere with the press. My country, because it had to, solved the problem by public ownership and private responsibility in journalism. But this is hard to explain in the United States."

THE Palestine investigating committee held its first session last week. It was a formal opening, staged mainly for photographers and posterity. After a few brief, encouraging remarks from Secretary-General Trygve Lie, the committee—which had present only five out of the eleven permanent delegates appointed—went into closed session. Actually there was no real need for this procedure, but it was followed, without protest, at the suggestion of the Secretary-General. From Lie's point of view it was done for obvious reasons. The Palestine committee has the most difficult job the UN has yet assumed. It must find a solution to the Arab-Jewish-British conflict in the Middle East. This alone is enough to frighten a Secretary-General.

But things have gone further than a mere desire for objectivity. The Palestine committee, unfortunately, will be working against a recent background of UN field teams, and especially that of the Balkan investigating commission. That commission won the most defamatory and libelous press notices that have ever been given a UN group. Certain delegations were attacked, which is not unusual. But the Secretariat was also attacked, generally and specifically, as being too leftist—the hand-picked product of a radical Secretary-General.

No wonder Lie has become, not merely cautious, but biased in the other direction. He has refused to send an Egyptian and a Jew on the Palestine trip but has, nevertheless, accredited certain British members of the Secretariat. Understanding his feelings and sympathizing with them, one is nevertheless forced to deplore the action. It creates an equally unbalanced Secretariat group; it is demoralizing to Secretariat officials who quite honestly consider themselves "unbiased international civil servants"; worse than that, it is a hint of more drastic, and equally political, changes to be made within the Secretariat.

JANE BEDELL

Music

'Round the Bend

IT WOULD seem that the iron horse and the flying machine are here to stay, and I can't say I'm sorry. It's unfortunate, however, that these two mechanical triumphs have shouldered into comparative insignificance a romantic mode of travel that helped make this country's history a colorful pageant. I'm referring to the stern and side-wheelers that plied their way along the New England coast and up and down the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri Rivers. The old Fall River Line and the *Robert E. Lee* are gone, and few people remember the waltz band that helped passengers get seasick on the *Providence* off Point Jude, or the hard, uncompromising bite of Louis Armstrong's trumpet with Fate Marable's orchestra on the *Dixie Belle*.

River-boat jazz has been talked up into quite a nostalgic thing during the past few years. Most of the stories about jazz on the Mississippi are mere legend—hokey would be a better word. Musicians who never saw the Mississippi long for the good old days of Dewey Jackson or Fate Marable, and writers familiar with the accordion on the Weehawken Ferry will tell you that jazz hasn't been the same since it went ashore. George Avakian, my river-boat expert, tells me that the stories about Bix Beiderbecke listening to Louis Armstrong as the *Dixie Belle* sailed by Davenport, Iowa, are probably apocryphal.

However, the fact remains that Armstrong and others did play the river boats, and the chances are they managed to produce some fine jazz music. At any rate, fact and fancy have combined to give the river boat a colorful part in the history of jazz. Early in June, an attempt will be made to recapture some of this color. Rudi Blesh and editor-pianist Art Hodes of the *Jazz Record* magazine have dug up a river boat, a bar and a mob of top-flight jazz artists for six four-hour trips up the Hudson, on June 6, 7, 8, 13, 14 and 15. There's room for 300 people on

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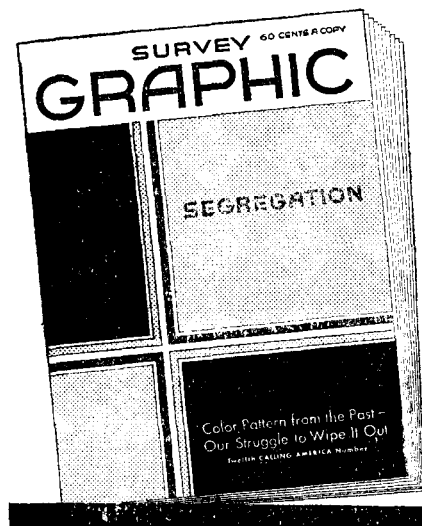
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THE Art Hodes Hot Five Album (Blue Note) features a text which occupies the entire inside jacket to describe the band—in unbelievably pretentious language—as nearly the last word in jazz. No group could possibly live up to such pure baloney, but Hodes (piano), Bill Davison (trumpet), Sidney Bechet (soprano sax and clarinet), Pops Foster (bass) and Freddie Moore (drums) do a reasonably creditable job. I've heard all these musicians play far better stuff—particularly Davison, who creates more noise than music on the records—but there's a lot of fun, too, and the album's a good buy. The rhythm is outstanding, due partly to Bechet's on-the-beat style and to drummer Freddie Moore, who believes in a steady beat and no foolishness. Moore is not too well known, but he has always made good bands sound better. He also does some interesting vocal work.

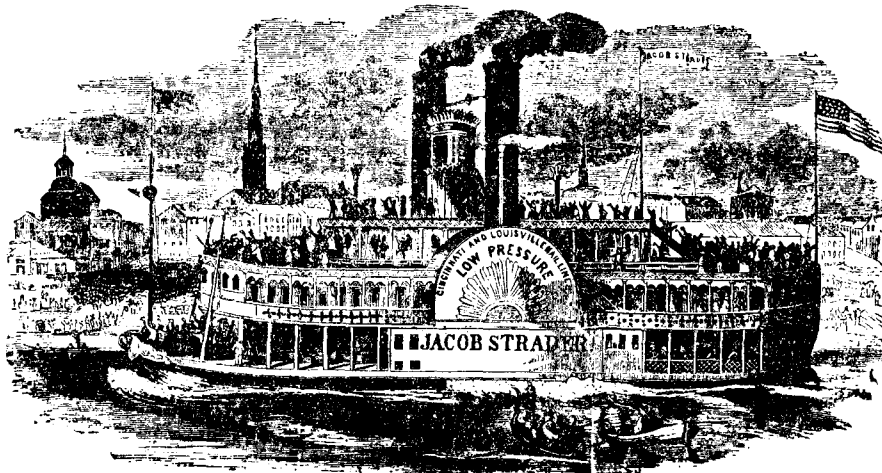
Although the Hodes gang includes some of the big names in jazz, its latest effort impressed me less than did the four sides recently cut for Commodore by five adolescents known as Bob Wilber and His Wild Cats. These youngsters have been playing around New York and Westchester for some time now, but their records constitute the first opportunity for cut-of-townners to hear what youth can do with one of the oldest forms of jazz. It's strictly Dixieland, played with taste and enthusiasm, and although the individual styles are

obviously derivative, they retain a freshness not frequently found in imitators. Best man on the date is trumpeter Johnny Glasel, who made me think of Louis Armstrong more than once. Poor balance mars an otherwise perfect group. Wilber's clarinet hogs the mike, weakening ensemble choruses that could use a stronger trumpet lead.

Too many girl singers these days add here to the premise that the only way to put a song across is by making the natural voice sound as unnatural as possible, thereby establishing an atmosphere of—you should pardon the expression—sex. That's one reason why Maxine Sullivan is always so refreshing. She has the old-fashioned idea that the voice God gave her is pretty good, and can express emotion without recourse to the vocal bumps and grinds employed by so many of her contemporaries. To me, Miss Sullivan has always been one of the most satisfying of the vocalists, and her latest album (International) shouldn't do her reputation any harm. The selections include some of her own favorites, like "Loch Lomond" and "If I Had a Ribbon Bow," and features the Sylvan Shulman's New Friends of Rhythm.

COMMODORE has put some of Billie Holiday's best records into an album. These were made several years ago, when Billie sang at Café Society Downtown, backed by men like Frankie Newton (trumpet), Tab Smith (alto sax), Eddie Heywood (piano) and others. They may all be heard again in a well selected showcase.

CHARLES MILLER



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Radio

*The Listener as Reader*

JUNE is a month celebrated not only for romance and rarity but also for quiz shows. In classrooms all over the land, the quizmasters are in the saddle. Students pore over books, cramming for exams, hoping for distinction and academic prizes which, for the moment at least, they value more highly than the refrigerators given away by radio's public examiners. So, to bone up on our own specialty, I, too, shall touch on books. And, being denied catholicity, I shall stick to books on, about or out of radio.

By books out of radio, I mean radio plays. Frozen between the covers of a book, a radio play has of course undergone a change of context. But there are some who argue also against the content of the radio play in book form. This, they insist, is not Literature. For contrast, they point to collections of Shakespeare or O'Neill. These they hold up as Literature, regardless of context. But they forget to add one element. These critics who interpret the theatre so glibly, when the theatre comes in book form, apply their own knowledge of the stage itself to their criticism. But they tackle radio plays in print without ever having heard them on the air.

The plays discussed here, many of which I have heard, are from radio-drama collections which the listener could read with profit. Radio's conventions, directed at the ear rather than the eye, can be supplied by the reader more easily than those of the theatre—staging, costuming, lighting, movement and "business."

THERE are three collections of radio plays on my desk—two new ones and one reissue. They are *The Eternal Light*, by Morton Wishengrad (Crown, \$3); *Untitled and Other Radio Dramas*, by Norman Corwin (Holt, \$3); and *Radio Drama in Action*, edited by Erik Barnouw (Rinehart, \$3).

Wishengrad's book contains 26 of the best plays he has written for "The

Eternal Light" program, broadcast Sundays (12:30 p.m.) over the NBC Network under the auspices of the Jewish Theological Seminary. For three years, Wishengrad wrote two-thirds of the shows for this series, 39 half-hour scripts a year. As if that were not burden enough, the nature of the program imposed another limitation upon him. It is a program with a purpose. The message is simple enough: To indicate to the listeners that Jews are human—no more, no less. But to attempt that task dramatically, entertainingly, convincingly week after week takes more than strength; it takes courage. And to do it well, often superbly as Wishengrad has done, takes skill and talent. Just read "The Tender Grass" to see how meaty radio fantasy can be; see the clever use of whimsy in a story like "How They Knocked the Devil Out of Uncle Ezra"; and observe how "listenable" even in print is a powerful drama like "The Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto."

I AM not going to take your time, nor my small space, to list all of Wishengrad's plays. Nor will I list very many of Corwin's, which are, perhaps, more familiar. Corwin's book includes 17 examples. They are not uniformly his best, but as a group they are representative. They include his two top scripts—"Untitled" and "On a Note of Triumph." There is lower-drawer stuff, dated now, like "London by Clipper"; amusing horseplay like "The Undecided Molecule"; and a *tour de force* like "El Capitan and the Corporal." But there are also "Home Is Where You Hang Your Helmet" and "There Will Be Time Later." The latter, particularly, is not likely to be rebroadcast at this time. Too many drum-beaters for a third world war would recognize themselves and would probably sue for libel (the truth being no defense against libel). Here, then, is your chance to own that prophecy by Corwin, written in 1944, to call the turn on 1947.

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nouw, contains "25 plays of a changing world." The book was first published in a skimpy edition during the war; its reissue is a public service. Again I feel cramped because I cannot list extensively. One of the finest examples of expository ("educational") radio, "Bretton Woods," by Peter Lyon, is in this book. So is one of the greatest ballads ever produced by radio, Millard Lampell's "The Lonesome Train" (unfortunately without Earl Robinson's music). So is William N. Robson's "Open Letter on Race Hatred," done over CBS immediately after the Detroit race riots of 1943 and the most outspoken radio editorial ever dared by a network. Finally, you will find here plays by writers whose names you should know, if you don't, for their contribution to radio: Not only Orson Welles and Corwin and Arch Oboler and Wishengrad, but also Arthur Laurents, Hector Chevigny, Norman Rosten, Arthur Miller, Langston Hughes, Bernard Dryer, Sandra Michael, Roi Ottley and others.

IN addition to being valuable addenda to your library for their own sake, these books serve as a warning to the liberal who likes to specialize in criticism of radio as an industry. One such critic, Llewellyn White, author of *The American Radio* (University of Chicago Press, \$3.25), weakens his case by such too quick assertions as one he makes about radio drama. Except for people like Corwin, Welles, Oboler and Archibald MacLeish, he says, "there has been literally no radio drama worthy of the name that has not been lifted bodily from the theatre." The collections mentioned above are part of the answer to White on that score.

But other of White's criticisms are not so easy to dismiss. His book is one of the reports issued by the Commission on Freedom of the Press which recently wound up its activities after studying the various major media of mass communication. After tracing the history of radio, showing how gradually the medium discovered that there's big money in the kilocycles, White asserts that the advertisers have now taken over the air. He wants to send them back to their places. He asks for reforms, many of

which are feasible. What's radio doing about it? For the most part, giving him the silent treatment. One or two radio executives have, indeed, tried to brush White off as no authority on their medium. Maybe he wasn't when he started his study. But they know that he probed the field conscientiously for more than two years. They know that the present book is the third draft, and that White discussed the contents of the first two drafts minutely with at least 50 people at the controls of radio. I urge you to get that book and read it. Tell me what you think of some of White's recommendations. I think I may still be able to get a network vice-president or two to listen.

FOR an even more thorough study of the radio industry, minus White's bite, I recommend *This Fascinating Radio Business* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4), by Robert J. Landry. He is now chief of the program-writing division for CBS. But for years before that, he was radio editor of *Variety* and was credited with having set the tone, which that section of the "showbiz Bible" still maintains, as the conscience of the radio industry. His book is crammed full of information about the medium.

Of another book by Barnouw, his revised *Handbook of Radio Writing* (Little, Brown, \$3; students' edition, Heath, \$2.25), this much should suffice: Wishengrad learned enough from this book to write and sell his first script and start his rise to his present position in the profession. A jacket blurb, but it's also true.

I'd like to mention three more books. If you're interested in a career in any phase of radio, read *Opportunities in Radio* (Vocational Guidance Manuals, \$1), by Jo Ranson and Richard Pack. If you have, or know someone who has, dreams of a career in radio acting, Ted Cott's *How to Audition for Radio* (Greenberg, \$2.50) is a must. And for a bibliography of radio literature, covering almost every phase, I recommend a new, annotated volume, *Radio Broadcasting and Television* (Wilson, \$1.50), by Oscar Rose.

And after you've read—but never simultaneously—good listening!

SAUL CARSON



Movies



The Poor Get Poorer

DOWN off the nursery bookshelf I took Shirley Jane Temple's autobiography, and I've hardly done a lick of work since. This research came about because of a picture called "Honeymoon," in which Miss Temple shares honors with Franchot Tone, Guy Madison and some rather attractive Mexican actors. There are many fascinating things I hadn't known about Shirley. I had had no idea until I read *My Young Life*, written with the help of the editors of *Look* one happy time in 1945, that she was a mascot of the Chilean navy. And did you know, for instance, that on her ninth birthday Henry Morgenthau gave her a typewriter with her name on it?

On page 127 of *My Young Life* you will find that "Shirley can still hear her mother's low tones across a noisy set, still accepts suggestions on the reading of a line or the delivery of a gesture." I don't know whether Mrs. Temple accompanied her daughter to Mexico to film some of the scenes for *Honeymoon*. From the evidence at hand, I think not.

The only interesting shots in "Honeymoon" are those showing Xochimilco, and the Zacoalco buildings, and the way

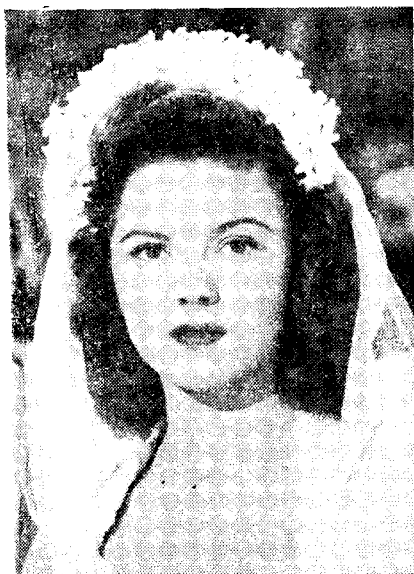
to Chapultepec, and they get messed up with actors. Franchot Tone has split seconds of being as aware and rueful as he well knows how to be, but otherwise he mugs it. Directed by William Keighley, produced by Warren Duff for RKO, it is a foolish enterprise, badly staged.

IT WAS cheering to read in the *Wall Street Journal* that banks are getting jittery about lending money for Hollywood producers to spend on bad movies. This is because at last audiences are staying away in droves from all but the best movies.

This week there have been two perfect examples of pictures that in the good days to come we may all be spared. "Honeymoon" was one of them; "Dishonored Lady," with Hedy Lamarr, Dennis O'Keefe and John Loder, is the other. These actors have to eat, and there was nothing much wrong with their performances that a competent production couldn't have fixed; by my preliminary apprehensions were more than justified.

Hunt Stromberg, through United Artists, presents this picture; the screenplay is by Edmund H. North. I understand that North is adapting a favorite book of mine—Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn*. Remembering the dialogue in "Dishonored Lady," this news fills me with alarm. As directed by Robert Stevenson, "Dishonored Lady" is childish and derivative (among others, "Lady in the Dark" is aped again). Sometimes, but not often, lines meant to be serious, moving or charming, are accidentally funny. I liked one of these particularly. Hedy is lying on a couch in a dress the décolletage of which could with assurance be called low, and one of her suitors is hanging over her. Surprisingly enough, he says to her: "Was there something on your mind?"

Hedy plays a nymphomaniac to whom fame, beauty and riches are as nothing. Life to this girl is a car parked on a lonely road; and, in fact, she often sits in one, staring and wishing she were



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quietly dead. Once, after a motor-cop annoys her, she decides to kill herself and crashes into the fence of a famous analyst, played by Morris Carnovsky. When his pretty burden comes awake, he tells her some things about herself I don't see how he could have known and begs her not to throw herself off a bridge, or whatever method next occurs to her, without coming to him first.

There are other important characters in "Dishonored Lady," mostly noisome and mostly in love with Lamarr. Eventually she gets so sick of her posh office (Hedy is the editor of a fashion magazine) that she starts, in a fog, toward a bridge. It looked like the Queensborough, but I was too undone to be sure. Then she remembers the doctor and her promise. He hides her in a modest studio, occupying the whole top floor of an interesting boarding house in the East Fifties and overlooking the river. When a friend asks the doctor where she's gone, he's told: "Miss Damien is living in another world, busy growing a new soul. I'll thank you to keep off the grass." Hedy, or Miss Damien, intends to improve each shining hour—to paint, to wear simple little peasant dresses with laced velvet bodices, to get well. Tripping down the colonial staircase one day, she comes upon a mouse. It is one of many; an experimental mouse belonging to a blond, handsome young scientist. The ending is supposedly a happy one.

THROUGH a misunderstanding about release dates (they are often postponed because a big house holds a profitable picture over for weeks), "Great Expectations" was reviewed here March 10. It is a fine picture, adapted with great skill and feeling by David Lean and Anthony Havelock-Allen. Lean also directed "Blithe Spirit," "Brief Encounter" and "This Happy Breed." The best performances are given by 13-year-old Anthony Wager as the young Pip, and by Jean Simmons as the beautiful, cruel Estella. John Mills ("In Which We Serve") and Valerie Hobson play the same characters grown up, and are excellent.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Correspondence

Small Beginning

SIR: The news story, "Rookie," in the May 19 *New Republic* ends on a happy note. Jackie Robinson had bashed out a double and a single, and relayed a fly to first for a brilliant double play. Those of us among your readers who don't follow the sports pages may assume that the first Negro major-league ball player is now well on his way to being integrated.

As a Philadelphian born, however, I must hold that at least my native city must remove from itself the vicious absurdity of being the only place in the league, apart from St. Louis, where Robinson is denied a hotel room along with his teammates. Then, when the other Brooklyn players accept the gentlemanly, intelligent and competent Robinson as their equal on the field and in the locker room, more of us will accept the fact that integration is under way.

JOHN BRUBAKER

Advertising Manager, the *Commonwealth*
New York City

Not Worth Mentioning

SIR: Within the last fortnight or so, two big national magazines, with a combined circulation of about seven million, and a least fifteen daily newspapers have printed editorials hostile to Henry Wallace.

All these editorials explained that Wallace's ideas are of no real importance and that that is why nobody is bothering to write editorials about him.

New York City

OLIVER ORMSBY

Correction from France

SIR: Appearing in your statements about France published by Opera Mundi and the journal *France-Soir* ("Report on France," *New Republic*, May 12) is passage concerning the alleged responsibility of Francolor for the fertilizer shortage in France. Francolor is under the control of the Ministry of Production and manufactures only coloring materials. It does not produce fertilizer and has no interest in the company producing fertilizer. Francolor is in no way responsible for the present situation in an economic field foreign to its activity.

JACQUES PIETTE

Honorary Secretary General,
Ministry of Industrial Production
Administrator, Francolor.

Paris, France

[Henry Wallace was quoting French authorities and was referring to a situation said to exist during the German occupation. — THE EDITORS]

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"We're not finding much in the way of things that could grow into fascism," he [Representative John McDowell (R, Penn.), member of the three-man subcommittee on fascism of the House Un-American Activities Committee] reported. "Fascism is down all over the world. There are groups here that hate Catholics and hate Jews and hate one thing and another. But as far as I can find, there is no evidence that they're dangerous. . . . The hate groups have done no harm so far." —From the New York Herald Tribune.

That's No Joke, Son

"I have warned Hyder repeatedly," the chief [police chief Leonard Mills] said, "against creating a disturbance by laughing loud when there's nothing to laugh about. So I ordered a patrolman to lock this guy up." —AP dispatch from Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Wine Is a Mocker

Involved in the new accord was a mysterious memorandum drawn up by the delegates of both countries at the close of the Bermuda meeting [Anglo-American Aviation conference] in which they agreed "after four cocktails each" that the principles they had laid down would not be binding. —UP dispatch from Washington.

Figures Don't Lie . . .

A brass company says:

"We could increase our prices at least 10 percent or 15 percent with no criticism from our customers, and no cancellations. We think that this should rate as a kind of voluntary price reduction, and it would be legitimate to include it in your statistics as a price reduction." —A quotation from a reply to an NAM questionnaire, printed in its pamphlet, "Price Controls."

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